

A

NEW WAY

TO PAY

OLD DEBTS:

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL, in SMOCK-ALLEY.

By PHILIP MASSINGER, Gent.

D U B L I N:

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Dramatis Personæ.

LOVELL, an English lord.

Sir *Giles Overreach*, a cruel extortioner.

Wellborn, a prodigal.

Allworth, a young gentleman, page to lord *Lovell*.

Greedy, a hungry justice of peace.

Marrall, a term-driver, a creature of Sir *Giles Overreach*'s.

Order,

Amble,

Furnace,

Watchall,

} Servants to the lady *Allworth*.

Wellde, a parson.

Tapwell, an ale-house-keeper.

Three Creditors.

The lady *Allworth*, a rich widow.

Margaret, *Overreach*'s daughter.

Waiting-woman.

Chamber-maid.

Fröth, *Tapwell*'s wife.



A

NEW WAY to pay OLD DEBTS, &c.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Wellborn, Tapwell, Froth.

Well. NO bouze? nor no tabacco?

Tap. Not a fuck, Sir,
Nor the remainder of a single cann,
Left by a drunken porter; all night pall'd too.

Froth. Not the dropping of the tap for your morning's
draught, Sir:

'Tis verity, I assure you.

Well. Verity, you brach!

'The devil turn'd precisian? Rogue, what am I?

Tap. Tröth! durst I trust you with a looking glass,
To let you see your trim shape, you would quit me,
And take the name yourself.

Well. How! dog!

Tap. Even so, Sir.

And I must tell you, if you but advance
Your plimworth cloak, you shall be soon instructed
There dwells, and within call (if it please your worship)
A potent monarch, call'd the constable,
That does command a citadel, call'd the flocks;
Whose guards are certain files of rusty bill men,
Such as with great dexterity will hale
Your tatter'd, lousy——

Well. Rascal! slave!

Froth. No rage, Sir.

Tap. At his own peril! Do not put yourself
In too much heat, there being no water near
To quench your thirst; and sure for other liquor,
As mighty ale, or beer, they are things, I take it,
You must no more remember; not in a dream, Sir.

Well. Why, thou unthankful villain, dar'st thou talk thus?
Is not thy house, and all thou ha'st my gift?

Tap. I find it not in chalk; and Timothy Tapwell
Does keep no other register.

Well. Am not I he
Whose riots fed and cloath'd thee? Wert thou not
Born on my father's land, and proud to be
A drudge in his house?

Tap. What I was, Sir, it skills not;
What you are is apparent. Now for a farewel:
Since you talk of father, in my hope it will torment you,
I'll briefly tell your story. Your dead father,
My quondam master, was a man of worship;
Old Sir John Wellborn, justice of peace, and *quorum*;
And stood fair to be *Custos rotulorum*;
Bare the whole sway of the shire; kept a great house;
Reliev'd the poor, and so forth; but he dying,
And the twelve hundred a year coming to you,
Late Mr. Francis, but now forlorn Wellborn—

Well. Slave, stop! or I shall lose myself.

Froth. Very hardly,
You cannot be out of your way.

Tap. But to my story.
You were then a lord of acres, the prime gallant,
And I your under-butler: note the change now,
You had a merry time of't. Hawks and hounds;
With choice of running horses: mistresses
Of all sorts, and all sizes; yet so hot
As their embraces made your lordship melt;
Which your uncle, Sir Giles Overreach, observing,
Resolving not to lose a drop of 'em
On foolish mortgages, statutes, and bonds,
For a while supply'd your looseness, and then left you.

Well. Some curate hath penn'd this invective, mongrel,
And you have study'd it.

Tap. I have not done yet.
Your lands gone, and your credit not worth a token,
You grew the common borrower; no man 'scap'd
Your paper-pellets, from the gentleman
To the beggars on highways, that sold you switches
In your gallantry.

Well. I shall switch your brains out.

Tap. Where poor Tim Tapwell, with a little stock,
Some forty pounds or so, bought a small cottage;
Humbled himself to marriage with my Froth here,
Gave entertainment—

Well. Yes, to whores and canters,
Clubbers by night.

Tap. True, but they brought in profit,
And had a gift to pay what they call'd for;
And stuck not like your mastership. The poor income
I glean'd

I glean'd from them, had made me in my parish
Thought worthy to be scavenger; and in time
May rise to be overseer of the poor;
Which if I do, on your petition, Wellborn,
I may allow you thirteen pence a quarter;
And you shall thank my worship.

Well. Thus, you dog-bolt——

And thus——

[*Beats and kicks him.*]

Tap. Cry out for help!

Well. Stir, and thou diest:

Your potent prince the constable shall not save you.
Hear me ungreatful hell-hound! did not I
Make purses for you? Then you lick'd my boots,
And thought your holy-day cloak too coarse to clean 'em.
'Twas I, that when I heard thee swear, if ever
Thou could'st arrive at forty pounds, thou would'st
Live like an emperor: 'twas I that gave it,
In ready gold. Deny this, wretch!

Tap. I must, Sir.

For from the tavern to the tap-house, all,
On forfeiture of their licence, stand bound,
Never to remember who the best guests were,
If they grew poor like you.

Well. They are well rewarded

That beggar themselves to make such cuckolds rich.
Thou viper, thankless viper! impudent bawd!
But since you are grown forgetful, I will help
Your memory, and tread thee into mortar;
Not leave one bone unbroken.

Tap. Oh!

Froth. Ask mercy.

Enter Allworth.

Well. 'Twill not be granted.

Allw. Hold, for my sake, hold!

Deny my, Frank, they are not worth your anger.

Well. For once thou hast redeem'd them from this
sceptre:

[*His cudgel.*]

But let 'em vanish, creeping on their knees:
And, if they grumble, I revoke my pardon.

Froth. This comes of your prating, husband; you presum'd
On your ambling wit, and must use your glib tongue,
Tho' you are beaten lame for't.

Tap. Patience, Froth,

There's law to cure our bruises.

[*They go off on their
hands and knees.*]

Well. Sent for to your mother?

Allw. My lady, Frank, my patroness! my all!

She's such a mourner for my father's death,

And in her love to him, so favours me,
That I cannot pay too much observance to her.
There are few such step-dames.

Well. 'Tis a noble widow,

And keeps her reputation pure, and clear
From the least taint of infamy; her life
With the splendour of her actions leaves no tongue
To envy, or detraction. Prythee tell me;
Has she no suitors?

Allw. Even the best of the shire, Frank,
My lord excepted: such as sue, and send,
And send, and sue again; but to no purpose.
Their frequent visits have not gain'd her presence;
Yet she's so far from fullness and pride,
That I dare undertake you shall meet from her
A liberal entertainment. I can give you
A catalogue of her suitors names.

Well. Forbear it,
While I give you good counsel. I am bound to it;
Thy father was my friend; and that affection
I bore to him, in right descends to thee:
Thou art a handsome and a hopeful youth,
Nor will I have the least affront stick on thee,
If I with any danger can prevent it.

Allw. I thank your noble care, but, pray you, in what
Do I run the hazard!

Well. Art thou not in love?
Put it not off with wonder.

Allw. In love, at my years?

Well. You think you walk in clouds, but are transparent.
I have heard all, and the choice that you have made;
And, with my finger, can point out the north star,
By which the load-stone of your folly's guided.
And, to confirm this true, what think you of
Fair Margaret, the only child, and heir
Of cormorant Overreach? Dost blush and start,
To hear her only named? Blush at your want
Of wit and reason.

Allw. You are too bitter, Sir.

Well. Wounds of this nature are not to be cured
With balms, but corrosives. I must be plain:
Art thou scarce manumiz'd from the porter's lodge,
And yet sworn servant to the pantoffle,
And dar'st thou dream of marriage? I fear
'Twill be concluded for impossible,
That there is now, nor e'er shall be hereafter,
A handsome page, or player's boy of fourteen,

But

But either loves a wench, or drabs love him,
Court waiters not exempted.

Allw. This is madness.

Howe'er you have discover'd my intents,
You know my aims are lawful; and if ever
The queen of flowers, the glory of the spring,
The sweetest comfort to our smell, the rose,
Sprang from an envious brier, I may infer,
There's such disparity in their conditions
Between the goddess of my soul, the daughter,
And the base churl her father.

Well. Grant this true,
As I believe it; canst thou ever hope
To enjoy a quiet bed with her, whose father
Ruin'd thy estate?

All. And yours too.

Well. I confess it.
True, I must tell you as a friend, and freely,
That, where impossibilities are apparent,
'Tis indiscretion to nourish hopes.
Canst thou imagine, (let not self-love blind thee)
That Sir Giles Overreach (that to make her great
In swelling titles, without touch of conscience,
Will cut his neighbour's throat, and I hope his own too)
Will e'er consent to make her thine? Give o'er,
And think of some course suitable to thy rank,
And prosper in it.

Allw. You have well advis'd me,
But, in the mean time, you that are so studious
Of my affairs, wholly neglect your own.
Remember yourself, and in what plight you are.

Well. No matter, no matter.

Allw. Yes, 'tis much material:
You know my fortune, and my means; yet something
I can spare from myself, to help your wants.

Well. How's this?

Allw. Nay, be not angry. There's eight pieces
To put you in better fashion.

Well. Money from thee?
From a boy? a stipendary? one that lives
At the devotion of a step-mother,
And the uncertain favour of a lord?
I'll eat my arms first. Howsoe'er blind fortune
Hath spent the utmost of her malice on me;
Though I am vomited out of an ale house.
And thus accoutred; know not where to eat,
Or drink, or sleep, but underneath this canopy;

Although

Although I thank thee, I despise thy offer.
 And as I, in my madness, broke my state,
 Without th' assistance of another's brain,
 In my right wits I'll piece it; at the worst,
 Die thus, and be forgotten.

Allw. A strange humour!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Order, Amble, Furnace, Watchall.

Order. Set all things right, or, as my name is Order,
 And by this staff of office that commands you,
 This chain and double ruff, symbols of power,
 Whoever misses in his function,
 For one whole week makes forfeiture of his breakfast,
 And privilege in the wine-cellar.

Amble. You are merry,
 Good master steward.

Furnace. Let him; I'll be angry.

Amble. Why, fellow Furnace, 'tis not twelve o'clock yet
 Nor dinnertaking up, then 'tis allow'd
 Cooks, by their places, may be cholerick.

Furn. You think you have spoke wisely, good man Amble,
 My lady's go-before.

Order. Nay, nay, no wrangling.

Furnace. Twit me with the authority of the kitchen!
 At all hours, and all places, I'll be angry;
 And, thus provoked, when I am at my prayers
 I will be angry.

Amble. There was no hurt meant.

Furnace. I am friends with thee, and yet I will be angry.

Order. With whom?

Furnace. No matter whom: Yet, now I think on't,
 I am angry with my lady.

Watchall. Heaven forbid, man.

Order. What cause has she given thee?

Furnace. Cause enough, master steward:
 I was entertained by her to please her palate,
 And, till she forswore eating, I perform'd it.
 Now since our master, noble Allworth died,
 Tho' I crack my brains to find out tempting sauces,
 And raise fortifications in the pastry,
 Such as might serve for models in the Low-Countries;
 Which, if they had been practis'd at Breda,
 Spinola might have thrown his cap at it, and ne'er took it.

Amble. But you had wanted matter there to work on.

Furnace. Matter! with six eggs, and a strike of rye-meal,
 I had kept the town till doomsday; perhaps longer.

Order. But what's this to your pet against my lady?

Furnace.

Furnace. What's this? marry this, when I am three parts roasted,
And the fourth part par-boil'd, to prepare her viands,
She keeps her chamber, dines with a panada,
Or water-gruel, my sweat never thought on.

Order. But your art is seen in the dining room.

Furnace. By whom?

By such as pretend love to her; but come
To feed upon her. Yet of all the harpies
That do devour her, I am out of charity
With none so much as the thin-gutted squire,
That's stolen into commission.

Order. Justice Greedy?

Furn. The same, the same. Meat's cast away upon him,
It never thrives. He holds this paradox.
Who eats not well, can ne'er do justice well.
His stomach's as insatiate as the grave,
Or strumpets ravenous appetites.

Watchall. One knocks. [*Allworth knocks, and enters.*]

Order. Our late young master.

Amble. Welcome, Sir.

Furnace. Your hand:

If you have a stomach, a cold bake-meat's ready.

Order. His father's picture in little.

Furnace. We are all your servants.

Amble. In you he lives.

Allw. At once, my thanks to all;

This is yet some comfort. Is my lady stirring?

Enter the Lady Allworth, waiting-woman and chamber-

Order. Her presence answers for us. [*maid.*]

Lady. Sort those silks well,

I'll take the air alone.

[*Exeunt waiting-woman and chamber-maid.*]

Furnace. You air, and air;

But will you never taste but spoon meat more?

To what use serve I?

Lady. Pry'thee, be not angry.

I shall ere long: i'the mean time, there is gold

To buy thee aprons, and a summer suit.

Furnace. I am appeas'd, and Furnace now grows cold.

Lady. And, as I gave directions, if this morning

I am visited by any, entertain 'em

As heretofore: but say, in my excuse,

I am indispos'd.

Order. I shall, madam.

Lady. Do, and leave me.

[*Exeunt Order, Amble, Furnace, Watchall.*]

Nay, stay you, Allworth.

Allw.

Allw. I shall gladly grow here,
To wait on your commands.

Lady. So soon turn'd courtier!

Allw. Stile not that courtship, madam, which is duty,
Purchas'd on your part.

Lady. Well, you shall o'ercome;
I'll not contend in words. How is it with
Your noble master?

Allw. Ever like himself;
No scruple lessen'd in the full weight of honour:
He did command me, (pardon my presumption)
As his unworthy deputy, to kiss
Your ladyship's fair hands.

Lady. I am honour'd in
His favour to me. Does he hold his purpose
For the Low Countries?

Allw. Constantly, good madam:
But he will, in person, first present his service.

Lady. And how approve you of his course? you are yet,
Like virgin parchment, capable of any
Inscription, vicious or honourable.
I will not force your will, but leave you free
To your own election.

Allw. Any form you please
I will put on; but, might I make my choice,
With humble emulation, I would follow
The path my lord marks to me.

Lady. 'Tis well answer'd,
And I commend your spirit: you had a father,
(Bless'd be his memory) that some few hours
Before the will of heaven took him from me,
Who did commend you, by the dearest ties
Of perfect love between us, to my charge:
And therefore what I speak, you are bound to hear,
With such respect, as if he liv'd in me.
He was my husband, and howe'er you are not
Son of my womb, you may be of my love,
Provided you deserve it.

Allw. I have found you,
Most honour'd madam, the best mother to me:
And with my utmost strength of care and service,
Will labour that you never may repent
Your bounties show'r'd upon me.

Lady. I much hope it.
These were your father's words: If e'er my son
Follow the war, tell him it is a school
Where all the principles tending to honour

Are

A New Way to pay Old Debts.

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Are taught, if truly followed; but for such
As repair thither, as a place in which
They do presume they may with licence practise
Their lusts and riots, they shall never merit
The noble name of foldiers. To dare boldly
In a fair cause, and for the country's safety
To run upon the cannon's mouth undaunted;
To obey their leaders, and shun mutinies;
To bear with patience the winter's cold,
And summer's scorching heat; and not to faint
When plenty of provision fails, with hunger;
Are the essential parts make up a soldier;
Not swearing, dice, or drinking.

Allw. There's no syllable

You speak, but is to me an oracle;
Which but to doubt were impious.

Lady. To conclude;

Beware ill company; for often men
Are like to those with whom they do converse:
And from one man, I warn you, and that's Wellborn:
Not cause he's poor, that rather claims your pity;
But that he's in his manners so debauch'd,
And hath to vicious courses sold himself.
'Tis true your father lov'd him, while he was
Worthy the loving; but if he had liv'd
To have seen him as he is, he had cast him off;
As you must do.

Allw. I shall obey in all things.

Lady. Follow me to my chamber, you shall have gold
To furnish you like my son, and still supply'd
As I hear from you.

Allw. I am still your creature.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Overreach, Greedy, Order, Amble, Furnace, Watchall,

Greedy. Not to be seen?

[*Marrall.*

Over. Still cloister'd up? her reason,
I hope, assures her, tho' she makes herself
Close prisoner ever for her husband's loss,
'Twill not recover him.

Order. Sir, it is her will;
Which we that are her servants ought to serve,
And not dispute. Howe'er you are nobly welcome;
And if you please to stay, that you may think so,
There came not six days since from Hull, a pipe
Of rich Canary; which shall spend itself
For my lady's honour.

Greedy. Is it of the right race?

Order. Yes, Mr. Greedy.

Amble.

Amble. How his mouth runs o'er!

Furn. I'll make it run, and run. Save your good worship!

Greedy. Honest Mr. Cook, thy hand; again! How I love thee!

Are the good dishes still in being? speak, boy.

Furn. If you have a mind to feed, there is a chine Of Beef well seasoned.

Greedy. Good!

Furn. A pheasant larded.

Greedy. That I might now give thanks for't!

Furn. Other quelques choses.

Besides there came last night, from the forest of Sherwood, The fattest stag I ever cook'd.

Greedy. A stag, man!

Furn. A stag, Sir: part of it prepar'd for dinner, And bak'd in puff-paste.

Greedy. Puff paste too, Sir Giles!

A ponderous chine of beef! a pheasant larded!

And red deer to, Sir Giles, and bak'd in puff paste?

All business set aside, let us give thanks here.

Furn. How the lean skeleton's wrapp'd!

Over. You know we cannot.

Mar. Your worships are to sit on a commission, And if you fail to come, you lose the cause.

Greedy. Cause me no causes: I'll prove't, for such a dinner We may put off a commission; you shall find it *Henrici decimo quarto.*

Over. Fie, Mr. Greedy, Will you lose me a thousand pounds for a dinner? No more for shame! We must forget the belly, When we think of profit.

Greedy. Well, you shall o'er rule me. I could ev'n cry now. Do you hear, Mr. Cook? Send but a corner of that immortal paste; And I, in thankfulness, will by your boy Send you a brace of three pences.

Furn. Will you be so prodigal?

Enter Wellborn,

Over. Remember me to your lady.—Who have we here?

Well. Don't you know me?

Over. I did once, but now I will not; Thou art no blood of mine. Avant thou beggar: If ever thou presume to own me more, I'll have thee cag'd and whipp'd.

Gree. I'll grant the warrant.

Think of pye-corner, Furnace!

[*Exeunt Overreach, Greedy, Marrall.*
Watch.

Watch. Will you out, Sir?

I wonder how you durst creep in.

Order. This is rudeness,
And saucy impudence.

Amble. Cannot you stay
To be serv'd among your fellows from the basket,
But you must press into the hall?

Furn. Pr'ythee vanish
Into some out-house, though it be the pig-sty;
My skullion shall come to thee.

Enter Allworth.

Well. This is rare:
Oh, here is Tom Allworth! Tom!

All. We must be strangers:
Nor would I have you seen here for a million. [*Ex. Allworth.*

Well. Better and better. He contemns me too.

Enter woman and chamber-maid.

Wom. Foh, what a smell's here! what thing's this?

Chamb. A creature
Made out of the privy. Let us hence for love's sake,
Or I shall swoon. [*Exeunt woman and chamber-maid.*

Wom. I begin to faint already.

Watch. Will you know your way?

Amb. Or shall we teach it you,
By the head and shoulders?

Well. No; I will not stir:
Do you mark, I will not. Let me see the wretch
That dares attempt to force me. Why, you slaves,
Created only to make legs, and cringe;
To carry in a dish, and shift a trencher;
That have no souls only to hope a blessing
Beyond black-jacks, or flaggons; you that were born
Only to consume meat and drink, and batten
Upon reversions; who advances? who
Shews me the way?

Order. My lady.

Enter Lady, Woman, and chamber-maid.

Chamb. Here's the monster.

Wom. Sweet madam, keep your glove to your nose.

Chamb. Or let me
Fetch some perfumes may be predominant;
You wrong yourself else.

Well. Madam, my designs
Bear me to you.

Lady. To me?

Well. And though I have met with
But ragged entertainment from your grooms here,
B I hope

I hope from you to receive that noble usage
As may become the true friend of your husband;
And then I shall forget these.

Lady. I am amaz'd,
To see and hear this rudeness. Dar'st thou think,
Tho' sworn, that it can ever find belief,
That I, who to the best men of this country
Deny'd my presence since my husband's death,
Can fall so low, as to change words with thee?
Thou son of infamy, forbear my house!
And know, and keep the distance that's between us;
Or tho' it be against my gentler temper,
I shall take order, you no more shall be
An eye-fore to me.

Wellb. Scorn me not, good lady;
But as in form you are angelical,
Imitate the heavenly natures, and vouchsafe
At least a while to hear me. You will grant,
The blood that runs in this arm is as noble,
As that which fills your veins; those costly jewels,
And those rich cloaths you wear, your men's observance,
And women's flattery, are in you no virtues;
Nor these rags, with my poverty, in me vices.
You have a fair fame, and I know deserve it;
Yet, Lady, I must say, in nothing more,
Than in the pious sorrow you have shown
For your late noble husband.

Order. How she starts!

Furn. And hardly can keep finger from the eye
To hear him nam'd.

Lady. Have you aught else to say?

Wellb. That husband, madam, was once in his fortune
Almost as low as I. Want, debts, and quarrels
Lay heavy on him: let it not be thought
A boast in me, though I say, I reliev'd him.
'Twas I that gave him fashion: mine the sword
That did on all occasions second his;
I brought him on and off with honour, Lady:
And when in all men's judgments he was sunk,
And in his own hopes not to be buoy'd up;
I stepp'd unto him, took him by the hand,
And set him upright.

Furn. Are not we base rogues
That could forget this?

Wellb. I confess you made him
Master of your estate; nor could your friends,
Tho' he brought no wealth with him, blame you for't:

For

For he had a shape, and to that shape a mind—
Made up of all parts, either great, or noble,
So winning a behaviour, not to be
Resisted, madam.

Lady. 'Tis most true, he had.

Wellb. For his sake then, in that I was his friend,
Do not contemn me.

Lady. For what's past excuse me,
I will redeem it. Order, give the gentleman
A hundred pounds.

Wellb. No, madam, on no terms:
I will not beg, nor borrow six-pence of you:
But be supply'd elsewhere, or want thus ever.
Only one suit I make, which you deny not
To strangers: and 'tis this. [whispers to her.]

Lady. Fie, nothing else?

Wellb. Nothing; unless you please to charge your servants
To throw away a little respect upon me.

Lady. What you demand is your's.

Wellb. I thank you, lady.

Now what can be wrought out of such a suit,
Is yet in supposition; I have said all,
When you please you may retire.—Nay, all's forgotten,
And for a lucky omen to my project,
Shake hands and end all quarrels in the cellar.

Ord. Agreed, agreed.

Furn. Still merry, Mr. Wellborn? [Exeunt.]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Overreach, Marrall.

Over. He's gone, I warrant thee; this commission crush'd
him.

Mar. Your worship has the way on't, and ne'er miss—
To squeeze these unthrifths into air; and yet
The chap-fall'n justice did his part, returning
For your advantage the certificate,
Against his conscience and his knowledge too;
(With your good favour) to the utter ruin
Of the poor farmer.

Over. 'Twas for these good ends
I made him a justice. He that bribes his belly,
Is certain to command his soul.

Mar. I wonder
(Still with your licence) why, your worship having
The power to put this thin-gut in commission,
You are not in't yourself.

Over. Thou art a fool:
In being out of office I am out of danger,

Where, if I were a justice, besides the trouble
 I might, out of wilfulness, or error
 Run myself finely into a præmunire;
 And so become a prey to the informer.
 No, I'll have none of't; 'tis enough I keep
 Greedy at my devotion: so he serve
 My purposes, let him hang, or damn, I care not.
 Friendship is but a word.

Mar. You are all wisdom.

Over. I would be wordly wise; for the other wisdom,
 That does prescribe us a well-govern'd life,
 And to do right to others, as ourselves,
 I value not an atom.

Mar. What course take you
 (With your good patience) to hedge in the manor
 Of your neighbour, Mr. Frugal? As 'tis said,
 He will not sell, nor borrow, nor exchange;
 And his land lying in the midst of your many lordships,
 Is a foul blemish.

Over. I have thought on't, Marrall,
 And it shall take. I must have all men sellers,
 And I the only purchaser.

Mar. 'Tis most fit, Sir.

Over. I'll therefore buy some cottage near his manor;
 Which done, I'll make my men break op'n his fences,
 Ride o'er his standing corn, and in the night
 Set fire on his barns; or break his cattles legs.
 These trespasses draw on suits; and suits, expences:
 Which I can spare, but will soon beggar him.
 When I have harried him thus two or three years,
 Though he sue *in forma pauperis*, in spite
 Of all his thrift and care, he'll grow behindhand.

Mar. The best I ever heard; I could adore you.

Over. Then with the favour of my man of law,
 I will pretend some title: want will force him
 To put it to arbitrement: then if he sell
 For half the value, he shall have ready money,
 And I possess his land.

Mar. 'Tis above wonder.
 Wellborn was apt to sell, and needed not
 These fine arts, Sir, to hook him in.

Over. Well thought on.
 This varlet, Wellborn, lives too long to upbraid me
 With my close cheat put upon him. Will not cold,
 Nor hunger kill him?

Mar. I know not what to think on't.
 I have us'd all means; and the last night I caus'd

His host the Tapster to turn him out of doors ;
And have been since with all your friends and tenants,
And on the forfeit of your favour charg'd them,
Tho' a crust of mouldy bread would keep him from starving,
Yet they should not relieve him. This is done, Sir.

Over. That was something, Marrall, but thou must go farther ;
And suddenly, Marrall.

Mar. Where, and when you please, Sir.

Over. I would have thee seek him out ; and, if thou canst,
Persuade him, that 'tis better steal than beg ;
Then if I prove he has but robb'd a hen-roost,
Not all the world shall save him from the gallows.
Do any thing to work him to despair,
And 'tis thy master-piece.

Mar. I will do my best, Sir.

Over. I am now on my main work, with the lord Lovell ;
The gallant-minded, popular lord Lovell,
The minion of the people's love. I hear
He's come into the country ; and my aims are
To insinuate myself into his knowledge,
And then invite him to my house.

Mar. I have you.

This points at my young mistress.

Over. She must part with
That humble title, and write Honourable ;
Right Honourable, Marrall ; my right Honourable daughter ;
If all I have, or e'er shall get, will do it.
I will have her well attended ; there are ladies
Of errant knights decay'd, and brought so low,
That for cast-clothes, and meat, will gladly serve her.
And 'tis my glory, though I come from the city,
To have their issue, whom I have undone,
To kneel to mine, as bond-slaves.

Mar. 'Tis a fit state, Sir.

Over. And therefore, I'll not have a chamber-maid ;
That ties her shoes, or any meaner office,
But such whose fathers were right worshipful.
'Tis a rich man's pride, there having ever been
More than a feud, a strange antipathy,
Between us and true gentry.

Enter Wellborn.

Mar. See ! who's here, Sir.

Over. Hence, monster, prodigy !

Wellb. Sir, your wife's nephew ;

She and my father tumbled in one belly.

Over. Avoid my sight, thy breath's infectious, rogne !

I shun thee as a leprosy, or the plague.

Came hither, Marrall, this is the time to work him.

Mar. I warrant you, Sir.

[*Exit Over.*]

Wellb. By this light, I think he's mad.

Mar. Mad! had you took compassion on yourself,
You long since had been mad.

Wellb. You have took a course,
Between you and my venerable uncle,
To make me so.

Mar. The more pale-spirited you,
That would not be instructed. I swear deeply.

Wellb. By what?

Mar. By my religion.

Wellb. Thy religion!

The devil's creed; but what would you have done?

Mar. Had there been but one tree in all the shire,
Nor any hope to compass a penny halter,
Before, like you, I had outliv'd my fortunes,
A wythe had serv'd my turn to hang myself.
I am zealous in your cause; pray you hang yourself;
And presently, as you love your credit.

Wellb. I thank you.

Mar. Will you stay till you die in a ditch, or lice devour you?

Or if you dare not do the feat yourself,
But that you will put the state to charge and trouble,
Is there no purse to be cut? house to be broken?
Or market woman with eggs that you may murder,
And so dispatch the business?

Wellb. Here's variety,
I must confess; but I'll accept of none
Of all your gentle offers, I assure you.

Mar. Why, have you hope ever to eat again?
Or drink? or be master of three farthings?
If you like not hanging, drown yourself; take some course
For your reputation.

Wellb. 'Twill not do, dear tempter,
With all the rhetorick the fiend hath taught you.
I am as far as thou art from despair,
Nay, I have confidence, which is more than hope,
To live, and suddenly, better than ever.

Mar. Ha! ha! these castles you build in the air
Will not persuade me, or to give or lend
A token to you.

Wellb. I'll be more kind to thee.
Come, thou shalt dine with me.

Mar. With you?

Wellb.

Wellb. Nay more, dine *gratis*.

Mar. Under what hedge, I pray you? or at whose cost?
Are they Padders, or Abram-men, that are your comforts?

Wellb. Thou art incredulous; but thou shalt dine
Not alone at her house, but with a gallant lady;
With me, and with a lady.

Mar. Lady! what lady?
With the lady of the lake, or queen of Faries?
For I know it must be an enchanted dinner.

Wellb. With the lady Allworth, knave.

Mar. Nay, now there's hope
Thy brain is crack'd.

Wellb. Mark there, with what respect
I am entertain'd.

Mar. With choice no doubt of dog-whips.
Why dost thou ever hope to pass her porter?

Wellb. 'Tis not far off, go with me, trust thine own eyes.

Mar. Troth in my hope, or my assurance rather
To see thee curvert, and mount like a dog in a blanket,
If ever thou presume to pass her threshold,
I will endure thy company.

Wellb. Come along.

SCENE II.

Allworth, *Waiting-woman*, *Chamber-maid*, Order, Amble,
Furnace, Watchall.

Wom. Could you not command your leisure one hour longer?

Chamb. Or half an hour?

Allw. I have told you what my haste is:
Besides, being now another's, not mine own,
Howe'er I much desire to enjoy you longer,
My duty suffers, if to please myself
I should neglect my lord.

Wom. Pray you do me the favour
To put these few quince-cakes into your pocket:
They are of mine own preserving.

Chamb. And this marmalade;
'Tis comfortable for your stomach.

Wom. And at parting,
Excuse me if I beg a farewell from you.

Chamb. You are still before me: I move the same suit,
Sir. [Kisses 'em severally.

Furn. How greedy these chamberers are of a beardless chin!

I think the tits will ravish him,

Allw. My service
To both.

Wom.

Wom. Ours waits on you.

Chamb. And shall do ever.

Order. You are my lady's charge; be therefore careful
That you sustain your parts.

Wom. We can bear, I warrant you.

[*Exeunt Woman and Chamber-maid.*]

Furn. Here, drink it off, the ingredients are cordials,
And this the true elixir; it hath boil'd
Since midnight for you. 'Tis the quintessence
Of five cocks of the game, ten dozen of sparrows,
Knuckles of veal, potatoe-roots, and marrow;
Coral, and ambergrise: were you two years elder,
And I had a wife, or gamesome mistress,
I durst trust you with neither: You need not bait
After this, I warrant you; though your journey's long,
You may ride on the strength of this till to-morrow morning.

Allw. Your courtesies overwhelm me: I much grieve
To part from such true friends, and yet I find comfort;
My attendance on my honourable lord,
(Whose resolution holds to visit my lady)

Will speedily bring me back. (*Knocking at the gate.*)

Mar. Dar'st thou venture farther? [*Marral and Wellb.*]

Wellb. Yes, yes, and knock again. *within.*

Order. 'Tis he; disperse.

Amb. Perform it bravely.

Furn. I know my cue, ne'er doubt me.

[*They go off several ways.*]

Watch. Beast that I was to make you stay; most welcome;
You were long since expected.

Wellb. Say so much

To my friend, I pray you.

Watch. For your sake, I will, Sir:

Mar. For his sake!

Wellb. Mum; this is nothing.

Mar. More than ever

I would have believed, though I had found it in my primmer.

Allw. When I have given you reasons for my late harshness,
You'll pardon and excuse me: for, believe me,

'Tho' now I part abruptly, in my service.

I will deserve it.

Mar. Service! with a vengeance!

Wellb. I am satisfy'd: farewell, Tom.

Allw. All joy stay with you.

[*Exit Allw.*]

Enter Amble.

Amble. You are happily encounter'd: I never yet
Presented one so welcome, as I know
You will be to my lady.

Mar.

Mar. This is some vision;
Or sure these men are mad, to worship a dunghill:
It cannot be a truth.

Wellb. Be still a Pagan,
An unbelieving infidel; be so, miscreant
And meditate on blankets, and on dog-whips.

Enter Furnace.

Furn. I am glad you are come; until I know your pleasure.
I knew not how to serve up my lady's dinner.

Mar. His pleasure! is it possible?

Wellb. What's thy will?

Furn. Marry, Sir, I have some growse and turkey chickens,
Some rails and quails; and my lady will'd me t'ask you,
What kind of fauces best affect your palate,
That I may use my utmost skill to please it.

Mar. The devil's enter'd this cook: fauce for his palate!
That on my knowledge, for almost this twelve month,
Durst wish but cheese-parings and brown-bread on Sundays.

Wellb. That way I like 'em best.

Furn. It shall be done, Sir.

[Exit Furnace.]

Wellb. What think you of the hedge we shall dine under?
Shall we feed gratis?

Mar. I know not what to think:
Pray you make me not mad.

Enter Order.

Ord. This place becomes you not:
Pray you walk, Sir, to the dining room.

Wellb. I am well here,
Till her ladyship quits her chamber.

Mar. Well here, say you!
'Tis a rare change! but yesterday you thought
Yourself well in a barn, wrapp'd up in pease-straw.

Enter Woman and chamber-maid.

Wom. O! Sir, you are wish'd for.

Chamb. My lady dream't, Sir, of you.

Wom. And the first command she gave, after she rose,
Was (her devotions done) to give her notice
When you approach'd here.

Chamb. Which is done, on my virtue.

Mar. I shall be converted: I begin to grow
Into a new belief, which faints nor angels
Could have won me to have faith in.

Wom. Sir, my lady.

Enter Lady.

Lady. I come to meet you, and languished till I saw you.
This first kifs for form; I allow a second
To such a friend.

Mar.

Mar. To such a friend! heav'n blefs me!

Wellb. I am wholly yours; yet, madam, if you please
To grace this gentleman with a salute.

Mar. Salute me at his bidding!

Wellb. I shall receive it

As a most high favour.

Lady. Sir, you may command me.

Wellb. Run backwards from a lady! and such a lady!

Mar. To kiss her foot is, to poor me, a favour
I am unworthy of—— [Offers to kiss her foot.

Lady. Nay, pray you rise;
And since you are so humble, I'll exalt you:
You shall dine with me to day at mine own table.

Mar. Your ladyship's table! I am not good enough
To sit at your steward's board.

Lady. You are too modest:

I will not be deny'd.

Enter Furnace.

Furn. Will you still be babbling,
'Till your meat freeze on th' table? The old trick still.
My art ne'er thought on.

Lady. Your arm, Mr. Wellborn:
Nay, keep us company.

Mar. I was never so grac'd.

[Exeunt Wellborn, Lady, Amble, Marral, Woman.

Order. So we have play'd our parts, and are come off well.
But if I know the mystery, why my lady
Consented to it, or why Mr. Wellborn
Desir'd it, may I perish.

Furn. Would I had
The roasting of his heart, that cheated him,
And forces the poor gentleman to these shifts.
By fire! (for cooks are Persians and swear by it)
Of all the griping and extorting tyrants
I ever heard or read of, I ne'er met
A match to Sir Giles Overreach.

Watch. What will you take
To tell him so, fellow Furnace?

Furn. Just as much
As my throat is worth, for that would be the price on't.
To have a usurer that starves himself,
And wears a cloak of one and twenty years
On a suit of fourteen groats, bought of the hangman,
To grow rich, and then purchase, is too common:
But this Sir Giles feeds high, keeps many servants,
Who must at his command do any outrage;
Rich in his habit; vast in his expences;

Yet

Yet he to admiration still increafes
In wealth and lordships.

Order. He frights men out of their eftates,
And breaks thro' all law-nets made to curb ill men,
As they were cobwebs. No man dares reprove him.
Such a fpirit to dare, and power to do, were never
Lodg'd fo unluckily.

Enter Amble.

Amble. Ha, ha! I fhall burft.

Order. Contain thyfelf, man.

Furn. Or make us partakers
Of your fudden mirth.

Amble. Ha, ha! my lady has got
Such a gueft at her table, this term-driver, Marral,
This fnip of an attorney.

Furn. What of him, man?

Amble. The knave thinks ftill he's at the cook's fhop in
Ram-alley,

Where the clerks divide, and the elder is to choofe:
And feeds fo flovenly!

Furn. Is this all?

Amble. My lady

Drank to him for fafhion's fake, or to pleafe Mr. Welborn,
As I live, he rifes and takes up a difh,
In which there were fome remnants of a boil'd capon,
And pledges her in white broth.

Furn. Nay, 'tis like
The reft of his tribe.

Amble. And when I brought him wine,
He leaves his ftool, and after a leg or two
Moft humbly thanks my worfhip.

Order. Rose already!

Amble. I fhall be chid.

Enter Lady, Wellborn, Marrall.

Furn. My lady frowns.

Lady. You wait well.

Let me have no more of this, I obferv'd your leering,
Sirrah, I'll have you know, whom I think worthy
To fit at my table, be he ne'er fo mean,
When I am prefent, is not your companion.

Order. Nay, fhe'll preferve what's due to her.

Furn. This refreshing
Follows your flux of laughter.

Lady. You are mafter
Of your own will. I know fo much of manners
As not to enquire your purpofes; in a word,
To me you are ever welcome, as to a houfe
That is your own.

Wellb.

Wellb. Mark that.

Mar. With reverence, Sir,
And it like your worship.

Wellb. Trouble yourself no farther,
Dear madam; my heart's full of zeal and service,
However in my language I am sparing.
Come, Mr. Marrall.

Mar. I attend your worship. [*Exeunt Wellb. Mar.*

Lady. I see in your looks you are sorry, and you know me
An easy mistress: be merry; I have forgot all.
Order and Furnace, come with me: I must give you
Farther directions.

Order. What you please.

Furn. We are ready.

S C E N E III.

Wellborn, Marrall.

Wellb. I think I am in a good way.

Mar. Good, Sir! the best way;
The certain best way.

Wellb. There are casualties
That men are subject to.

Mar. You are above 'em,
And as you are already worshipful,
I hope ere long you will increase in worship,
And be right worshipful.

Wellb. Pr'ythee do not flout me.
What I shall be, I shall be. Is't for your ease,
You keep your hat off?

Mar. Ease, and it like your worship.
I hope Jack Marrall shall not live so long,
To prove himself such an unmannerly beast,
'Tho' it hail hazel nuts, as to be covered
When your worship's present.

Wellb. Is not this a true rogue, [*Aside.*
That out of mere hope of a future coz'nage
Can turn thus suddenly? 'tis rank already.

Mar. I know your worship's wife, and needs no counsel:
Yet if in my desire to do you service,
I humbly offer my advice (but still
Under correction) I hope I shall not
Incur your high displeasure.

Wellb. No; speak freely.

Mar. Then in my judgment, Sir, my simple judgment,
(Sill with your worship's favour) I could wish you
A better habit, for this cannot be
But much distasteful to the noble lady
(I say no more) that loves you: for this morning,

To

To me (and I am but a swine to her)
Before th' assurance of her wealth perfum'd you,
You favour'd not of amber.

Wellb. Do I now then? [*Kisses the end of his cudgel.*]

Mar. This your battoon hath got a touch of it.
Yet if you please, for change, I have twenty pounds here,
Which, out of my true love, I presently
Lay down at your worship's feet; twill serve to buy you
A riding suit.

Wellb. But where's the horse?

Mar. My gelding
Is at your service: nay, you shall ride me,
Before your worship shall be put to the trouble
To walk a foot. Alas! when you are lord
Of this lady's manor (as I know you will be)
You may with the lease of glebe-land, call'd Knaves-acre,
A place I would manure, requite your vassal.

Wellb. I thank thy love; but must make no use of it.
What's twenty pounds?

Mar. 'Tis all that I can make, Sir.

Wellb. Do'st thou think, tho' I want cloaths, I could
not have 'em

For one word to my lady?

Mar. As I know not that——

Wellb. Come, I'll tell thee a secret, and so leave thee.
I'll not give her the advantage, tho' she be
A gallant-minded lady, after we are married
(There being no woman but is something froward)
To hit me in the teeth, and say she was forc'd
To buy my wedding cloaths, and took me on
With a plain riding suit, and an ambling nag.
No, I'll be furnish'd something like myself.
And so farewell; for thy suit touching Knaves-acre,
When it is mine, 'tis thine.

Mar. I thank your worship. [*Exit Wellb.*]

How was I cozen'd in the calculation
Of this man's fortune? my master cozen'd too,
Whose pupil I am in the art of undoing men;
For that is our profession. Well, well, Mr. Wellborn,
You are of a sweet nature, and fit again to be cheated:
Which, if the fates please, when you are possess'd
Of the land and lady, you *sans question* shall be,
I'll presently think of the means. [*Walks by musing.*]

Enter Overreach.

Over. Sirrah! take my horse,
I'll walk to get me an appetite. 'Tis but a mile;
And exercise will keep me from being pursey.

Ha! Marrall! is he conjuring? Perhaps
The knave has wrought the prodigal to do
Some outrage on himself, and now he feels
Compunction in his conscience for't; no matter
So it be done. Marral!

Mar. Sir.

Over. How succeed we
In our plot on Wellborn?

Mar. Never better, Sir.

Over. Has he hang'd or drown'd himself?

Mar. No, Sir, he lives,
Lives once more to be made a prey to you:
And greater prey than ever.

Over. Art thou in thy wits?
If thou art, reveal this miracle, and briefly.

Mar. A lady, Sir, is fall'n in love with him.

Over. With him! What lady?

Mar. The rich lady Allworth.

Over. Thou dolt; how dar'st thou speak this?

Mar. I speak truth;
And I do so but once a year; unless
It be to you, Sir. We din'd with her ladyship:
I thank his worship.

Over. His worship!

Mar. As I live, Sir,
I din'd with him, at the great lady's table.
Simple as I stand here; and saw when she kiss'd him;
And would, at his request, have kiss'd me too;
But I was not so audacious as some youths are,
And dare do any thing, be it ne'er so absurd
And sad after performance.

Over. Why thou rascal,
To tell me these impossibilities:
Dine at her table! and kiss him! or thee!
Impudent varlet. Have not I myself,
To whom great countesses doors have oft flew open,
Ten times attempted, since her husband's death,
In vain to see her, tho' I came——a suitor?
And yet your good sollicitorship, and rogue—Wellborn,
Were brought into her presence, feasted with her.
But that I know thee a dog that cannot blush,
This most incredible lye would call up one
On thy butter-milk cheeks.

Mar. Shall I not trust my eyes, Sir?
Or taste? I feel her good cheer in my belly.

Over. You shall feel me, if you give not over, firrah:
Recover your brains again, and be no more gull'd

With

With a beggar's plot, assisted by the aids
Of serving-men and chamber-maids; for, beyond these,
'Thou never saw'st a woman; or I'll quit you
From my employments.

Mar. Will you credit this, yet?

On my confidence of their marriage, I offered Wellborn
(I would give a crown now, I durst say his worship)——
My nag, and twenty pounds. *[Aside.*

Over. Did you so?

[Strikes him down.

Was this the way to work him to despair.

Or rather to cross me?

Mar. Will your worship kill me?

Over. No, no; but drive the lying spirit out of you.

Mar. He's gone.

Over. I have done then. Now, forgetting
Your late imaginary feast and lady,
Know my lord Lovell dines with me to-morrow:
Be careful nought be wanting to receive him:
And bid my daughter's women trim her up,
'Tho' they paint her, so she catch the lord; I'll thank 'em.
There's a peace, for my late blows.

Mar. I must yet suffer:

But there may be a time——

[Aside.

Over. Do you grumble?

Mar. No, Sir.

[Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Lovell, Allworth, Servants.

Lov. Walk the horses down the hill: something in private
I must impart to Allworth. *[Exeunt Servants.*

Allw. O my lord!

What sacrifice of reverence, duty, watching;
Altho' I could put off the use of sleep,
And ever wait on your commands to serve 'em;
What danger, tho' in ne'er so horrid shapes,
Nay death itself, tho' I should run to meet it,
Can I, and with a thankful willingness, suffer,
But still the retribution will fall short
Of your bounties shower'd upon me.

Lov. Loving youth,

Till what I purpose be put into act,
Do not o'er-prize it: since you have trusted me.
With your soul's nearest, nay, her dearest secret,
Rest confident, 'tis in a cabinet lock'd
Treachery shall never open. I have found you
(For so much to your face I must profess,
Howe'er you guard your modesty with a blush for't)

More zealous in your love and service to me,
Than I have been in my rewards.

Allw. Sill great ones,
Above my merit.

Lov. Such your gratitude calls 'em:
Nor am I of that harsh and rugged temper
As some great men are tax'd with, who imagine
They part from the respect due to their honours,
If they use not all such as follow 'em,
Without distinction of their births, like slaves.
I am not so condition'd; I can make
A fitting difference between my footboy
And a gentleman, by want compell'd to serve me.

Allw. 'Tis thankfully acknowledg'd; you have been
More like a father to me than a master.
Pray you, pardon the comparifon.

Lov. I allow it;
And give you assurance I'm pleas'd in't.
My carriage and demeanor to your mistress,
Fair Margaret, shall truly witness for me,
I can command my passion.

Allw. 'Tis a conquest
Few lords can boast of when they are tempted—Oh!

Lov. Why do you sigh? can you be doubtful of me?
By that fair name, I in the wars have purchas'd,
And all my actions hitherto untainted,
I will not be more true to mine own honour,
Than to my Allworth.

Allw. As you are the brave lord Lovell,
Your bare word only given, is an assurance
Of more validity and weight to me,
Than all the oaths bound up with imprecations,
Which, when they would deceive, most courtiers practise:
Yet being a man (for sure to flile you more
Would relish of gross flattery) I am forc'd,
Against my confidence of your worth and virtues,
To doubt, nay more, to fear.

Lov. So young, and jealous!

Allw. Were you to encounter with a single foe,
The victory were certain; but to stand
The charge of two such potent enemies,
At once assaulting you, as wealth and beauty,
And those too seconded with Power, is odds
Too great for Hercules.

Lov. Speak your doubts and fears,
Since you will nourish 'em, in plainer language,
That I may understand 'em.

Allw.

Allw. What's your will,
Though I lend arms against myself, (provided
They may advantage you) must be obey'd.
My much lov'd lord, were Margaret only fair,
The cannon of her more than earthly form,
Though mounted high, commanding all beneath it,
And ramm'd with bullets of her sparkling eyes,
Of all the bulwarks that defend your senses,
Cou'd batter none, but that which guards your sight.
But when the well-tun'd accents of her tongue
Make music to you, and with numerous sounds
Assault your hearing (such as if Ulysses
Now liv'd again, howe'er he stood the Sirens,
Could not resist) the combat must grow doubtful,
Between your reason and rebellious passions.
Add this too ; when you feel her touch, and breath
Like a soft western wind, when it glides o'er
Arabia, creating gums and spices ;
And in the van, the nectar of her lips
Which you must taste, bring the battalia on,
Well-arm'd and strongly lin'd with her discourse,
And knowing manners to give entertainment ;
Hippolytus himself would leave Diana
To follow such a Venus.

Lov. Love hath made you
Poetical, Allworth.

Allw. Grant all these beat off,
(Which if it be in man to do, you'll do it)
Mammon, in Sir Giles Overreach, steps in
With heaps of ill-got gold, and so much land,
To make her more remarkable, as would tire
A falcon's wings, in one day to fly over.
O my good lord ! these powerful aids, which would
Make a mishapen negro beautiful,
(Yet are but ornaments to give her lustre,
That in herself is all perfection) must
Prevail for her. I here release your trust,
'Tis happiness enough for me to serve you ;
And sometimes, with chaste eyes, to look on her.

Lov. Why, shall I swear ?

Allw. Oh, by no means, my lord !
And wrong not so your judgment to the world,
As from your fond indulgence to a boy,
Your page, your servant, to refuse a blessing.
Divers great men are rivals for.

Lov. Suspend
Your judgment till the trial. How far is it

To Overreach's house?

Allw. At the most, some half hour's riding;
You'll soon be there.

Low. And you the sooner freed
From your jealous fears.

Allw. Oh that I durst but hope it!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Overreach, Greedy, Marrall.

Over. Spare for no cost, let my dressers crack with the
weight

Of curious viands.

Greedy. Store indeed's no fore, Sir.

Over. That proverb fits your stomach, Mr. Greedy,
And let no plate be seen but what's pure gold,
Or such whose workmanship exceeds the matter
That it is made of; let my choicest linen
Perfume the room; and when we wash, the water
With precious powders mix'd, to please my lord,
'That he may with envy wish to bathe so ever.

Mar. 'Twill be very chargeable,

Over. Avant, you drudge.

Now all my labour'd ends are at the stake,
Is't time to think of thrift? Call in my daughter,
And master Justice, since you love choice dishes,
And plenty of 'em——

Greedy. As I do indeed, Sir,
Almost as much as to give thanks for 'em.

Over. I do confer that province with my power
Of absolute command to have abundance,
To your best care.

Greedy. I'll punctually discharge it,
And give the best directions.—Now am I
In mine own conceit a monarch, at the least
Arch-president of the boil'd, the roast, the bak'd;
For which I will eat often and give thanks,
When my belly's brac'd up like a drum, and that's pure justice.

Over. It must be so. Should the foolish girl prove modest,
[*Exit Greedy.*]

She may spoil all; she had it not from me,
But from her mother; I was ever forward,
As she must be, and therefore I'll prepare her
Alone, and let your women wait without, Margaret.

Marg. Your pleasure, Sir?

Over. Ha, this is a neat dressing!
These orient pearls, and diamonds well plac'd too!
The gown affects me not; it should have been
Embroider'd o'er and o'er with flowers of gold;

But

But these rich jewels and quaint fashions help it.
And how below? since oft the wanton eye
The face observ'd, descends unto the foot;
Which being proportion'd, as your's is,
Invites as much as perfect white and red,
Though without art. How like your new woman,
The lady Downfall'n?

Marg. Well for a companion:
Not as a servant.

Over. Is she humble, Meg?
And careful too, her ladyship forgotten.

Marg. I pity her fortune.

Over. Pity her! trample on her.
I took her up in an old tatter'd gown,
(E'en starv'd for want of two-penny chops) to serve thee;
And if I understand she but repines
To do thee any duty, though ne'er so servile,
I'll pack her to her knight, where I have lodg'd him,
Into the Counter; and there let them howl together.

Marg. You know your own ways; but for me, I blush
When I command her, that was once attended
With persons not inferior to myself
In birth.

Over. In birth! Why art thou not my daughter.
The blest child of my industry and wealth?
Why foolish girl was't not to make thee great,
That I have ran, and still pursue those ways
That hail down curses on me, which I mind not?
Part with these humble thoughts, and apt thyself
To the noble state I labour to advance thee;
Or, by my hopes to see thee honourable,
I will adopt a stranger to my heir,
And throw thee from my care; do not provoke me.

Marg. I will not, Sir; mould me which way you please.

Order. How, interrupted!

Enter Greedy.

Greedy. 'Tis Matter of Importance.

The cook, Sir, is self-will'd, and will not learn
From my experience. There's a fawn brought in, Sir,
And for my life, I cannot make him roast it,
With a Norfolk dumpling in the belly of it:
And, Sir, we wise men know, without the dumpling
'Tis not worth three-pence.

Over. Would it were whole in thy belly
To stuff it out: cook it any way, pr'ythee leave me.

Greedy. Without order for the dumpling?

Over. Let it be dumpl'd

Which

Which way thou wilt; or, tell him, I will scald him
In his own cauldron.

Greedy. I had lost my stomach
Had I lost my mistress's dumpling: I'll give ye thanks for't.

Over. But to our business, Meg; you have heard who
dines here. [Exit Greedy.]

Marg. I have, Sir.

Over. 'Tis an honourable man.
A lord, Meg, and commands a regiment
Of soldiers; and, what's rare, is one himself;
A bold and understanding one: and to be
A lord, and a good leader in one volume,
Is granted unto few, but such as rise up
The kingdom's glory.

Enter Greedy.

Greedy. I'll resign my office,
If I be not better obey'd.

Over. 'Slight, art thou frantic?

Greedy. Frantic! 'twould makeme frantic, and stark mad,
Were I not a justice of peace, and Quorum too,
Which this rebellious cook cares not a straw for.
There are a dozen of woodcocks——

Over. Make thyself
Thirteen, the baker's dozen.

Greedy. I am contented,
So they may be dress'd to my mind; he has found out
A new device for sauce, and will not dish 'em
With toast and butter. My father was a taylor;
And my name, though a Justice, Greedy Woodcock;
And, ere I'll see my lineage so abus'd,
I'll give up my commission.

Over. Cook, rogue, obey him.
I have given the word, pray you now remove yourself
To a collar of brawn, and trouble me no farther.

Greedy. I will, and meditate what to eat at dinner.

[Exit Greedy.]

Over. And, as I said, Meg, when this gull disturb'd us,
This honourable lord, this colonel,
I would have thy husband.

Marg. There's too much disparity
Between his quality and mine to hope it.

Over. I more than hope it, and doubt not to effect it.
Be thou no enemy to thyself; my wealth
Shall weigh down his titles, and make you equals.
Now for the means to assure him thine, observe me;
Remember he's a courtier, and a soldier,
And not to be trifled with, and therefore when

He

He comes to woo you, see you do not coy it.
This mincing modesty hath spoil'd many a match
By a first refusal, in vain after hop'd for.

Marg. You'll have me, Sir, preserve the distance that
Confines a virgin?

Over. Virgin! me no virgins.

I will have you lose that name, or you lose me;
I will have you private, start not, I say private;
If you are my true daughter, not a bastard,
Thou wilt venture alone with one man, though he came
Like Jupiter to Semele, and come off too:
And therefore when he kisses you, kiss close.

Marg. I have heard this is the strumpets fashion, Sir,
Which I must never learn.

Over. Learn any thing,
And from any creature, to make thee great;
From the devil himself.

Marg. This is but devilish doctrine!

Over. Or if his blood grow hot, suppose he offer
Beyond this; do you not stay till it cool,
But meet it with ardour? if a couch be near,
Sit down on't, and invite him.

Marg. In your own house,
Your own house, Sir? for heaven's sake! What are you
then?

Or, what shall I be, Sir?

Over. Stand not form:
Words are no substances.

Marg. Though you could dispense
With your own honour; cast aside religion,
The hopes of heaven, or fear of hell: excuse me,
In wordly policy, this is not the way
To make me his wife: his whore, I grant, it may do.
My maiden honour so soon yielded up,
Nay, prostituted, cannot but assure him,
I that am light to him will not hold weight
When tempted by others: so in judgment,
When to his lust I have given up my honour,
He must and will forsake me.

Over. How! forsake thee?

Do I wear a sword for fashion? or is this arm
Shrunk up, or wither'd? does there live a man
Of that large list I have encounter'd with,
Can truly say, I e'er gave an inch of ground,
Not purchas'd with his blood, that did oppose me!
Forsake thee when the thing is done? he dares not.
Give me but proof, he has enjoy'd thy person,

Though

Though all his captains echo's to his will,
 Stood arm'd by his side to justify the wrong,
 And he himself in the head of his bold troop,
 Spite of his lordship, and colonelship,
 Or the judge's favour, I will make him render
 A bloody and strict account, and force him
 By marrying thee, to cure thy wounded honour;
 I have said it.

Enter Marrall.

Mar. Sir, the man of honour's come,
 Newly alighted.

Over. In, without reply,
 And do as I command, or thou art lost. [*Exit Marg.*]
 Is the loud music, I gave order for,
 Ready to receive him?

Mar. 'Tis, Sir.

Over. Let 'em found
 A princely welcome. Roughness, a while leave me;
 For fawning now, a stranger to my nature,
 Must make way for me. [*Loud music.*]

Enter Lovell, Greedy, Allworth, Marrall.

Lov. Sir, you meet your trouble.

Over. What you are pleas'd to stile so, is an honour
 Above my worth and fortune.

Allw. Stranger! so humble.

Over. A justice of peace, my lord. [*Presents Greedy*

Lov. Your hand, good Sir. *to him.*

Greedy. This is a lord; and some think this a favour.

But I had rather have my hand in my dumpling. [*Aside.*]

Over. Room for my lord.

Lov. I miss, Sir, your fair daughter
 To crown my welcome.

Over. May it please my lord
 To taste a glass of Greek wine first, and suddenly
 She shall attend, my lord.

Lov. You'll be obey'd, Sir. [*Ex. omnes prater Over.*]

Over. 'Tis to my wish; as soon as come, ask for her;
 Why, Meg! Meg Overreach—how! tears in your eyes?
 Hah! dry 'em quickly, or I'll dig 'em out.

Is this a time to whimper? meet that greatness
 That flies into thy bosom; think what 'tis

For me to say, my honourable daughter:

And thou, when I stand bare, to say, put on:

Or, father, you forget yourself; no more,

But be instructed, or expect—He comes.

Enter Lovell, Greedy, Marrall, they salute.

A black brown'd girl, my lord.

Lov.

Lov. As I live, a rare one!

Allw. He's took already: I am lost.

Over. That kiss

Came twanging off, I like it, quit the room. [*The rest off.*]

A little bashful, my good lord, but you,

I hope, will teach her boldness.

Lov. I am happy

In such a scholar: but—

Over. I am past learning,

And therefore leave you to yourselves: remember——

[*To his daughter.* Exit Overreach.

Lov. You see fair lady, your father is solicitous

To have you change the barren name of virgin

Into a hopeful wife.

Marg. His haste, my lord,

Holds no power o'er my will.

Lov. But o'er your duty——

Marg. Which, forc'd too much, may break.

Lov. Bend rather, sweetest:

Think of your years.

Marg. Too few, to match with yours:

And choicest fruits, too soon pluck'd, rot and wither.

Lov. Do you think I am old?

Marg. I am sure I am too young.

Lov. I can advance you.

Marg. To a hill of sorrow;

Where every hour I may expect to fall,

But never hope firm footing. You are noble;

I of low descent, however rich;

And tissues match'd with scarlet suit but ill.

O my good lord, I could say more, but that

I dare not trust these walls.

Lov. Pray you trust my ear then.

Enter Overreach listening.

Over. Close at it: whispering! this is excellent!

And, by their postures, a consent on both parts.

Enter Greedy.

Greedy. Sir Giles, Sir Giles!

Over. The great fiend stop that clapper!

Greedy. It must ring out, Sir, when my belly rings noon.

The bak'd meats are run out, the roast turn'd powder.

Over. I shall powder you.

Greedy. Beat me to dust, I care not;

In such a case as this, I'll die a martyr.

Over. Marry and shall: you Barathrum of the shambles.

[*Strikes him.*]

Greedy. How! strike a justice of peace? 'tis petty treason
Edwardi

Edwardi quinto ; but that you are my friend,
I would commit you without bail or mainprize.

Over. Leave your bawling, Sir, or I shall commit you
Where you shall not dine to-day : disturb my lord
When he is in discourse ?

Greedy. Is't time to talk
When we should be munching ?

Lov. Ha ! I heard some noise.

Over. Mum, villain ; vanish : shall we break a bargain
Almost made up ? *[Thrusts Greedy off.]*

Lov. Lady, I understand you :
And rest most happy in your choice. Believe it,
I'll be a careful pilot to direct
Your yet uncertain bark to a port of safety.

Marg. So shall your honour save two lives, and bind us
Your slaves for ever.

Lov. I am in the act rewarded,
Since it is good ; howe'er you must put on
An amorous carriage towards me, to delude
Your subtle father.

Marg. I am prone to that.

Lov. Now break of our conference.—Sir Giles
Where is Sir Giles ?

Enter Overreach, and the rest.

Over. My noble lord ; and how
Does your lordship find her ?

Lov. Apt, Sir Giles, and coming,
And I like her the better.

Over. So do I too.

Lov. Yet should we take forts at the first assault,
'Twere poor in the defendant. I must confirm her
With a love-letter or two, which I must have
Deliver'd by my page, and you give the way to't.

Over. With all my soul :—a towardly gentleman !
Your hand, good Mr. Allworth, know my house
Is ever open to you.

Alkw. 'Twas still shut till now. *[Aside.]*

Over. Well done, well done, my honourable daughter,
'Th'art so already : know this gentle youth,
And cherish him my honourable daughter.

Marg. I shall with my best care.

[Noise within, as of a coach.]

Over. A coach.

Greedy. More stops
Before we to go to dinner ! O my guts !
Enter Lady, and Wellborn.

Lady. If I find welcome,

You

You share in it; if not, I'll back again,
Now I know your ends; for I come arm'd for all
Can be objected.

Lov. How! the lady Allworth?

Over. And thus attended!

Marg. No, I am a dolt;

[*Lovell salutes the Lady, the Lady salutes Marg.*
The spirit of lies had enter'd me.

Over. Peace, patch,
'Tis more than wonder, an astonishment
That does possess me wholly,

Lov. Noble lady,
This is a favour to prevent my visit,
The service of my life can never equal.

Lady. My lord, I laid wait for you, and much hop'd
You would have made my poor house your first inn:
And therefore doubting that you might forget me,
Or too long dwell here, having such ample cause,
In this unequall'd beauty, for your stay;
And fearing to trust any but myself
With the relation of my service to you,
I borrow'd so much from my long restraint,
And took the air in person to invite you.

Lov. Your bounties are so great, they rob me Madam,
Of words to give you thanks.

Lady. Good Sir Giles Overreach. [*salutes him.*
How do'st thou, Marrall? Lik'd you my meat so ill,
You'll dine no more with me?

Greedy. I will when you please,
And it like your ladyship.

Lady. When you please, Mr. Greedy;
If meat can do it, you shall be satisfied:
And now, my lord, pray take into your knowledge
This gentleman; howe'er his outside's coarse, [*Presents Well.*
His inward linings are as fine and fair
As any man's. Wonder not I speak at large:
And howsoe'er his humour carries him
To be thus accouter'd; or what taint soever
For his wild life have stuck upon his fame;
He may, ere long, with boldness rank himself
With some that have condemn'd him. Sir Giles Overreach,
If I am welcome, bid him so.

Over. My nephew!
He hath been too long a stranger: 'faith you have.
Pray let it be mended. [*Lovell conferring with Wellborn.*

Mar. Why Sir, what do you mean?
This is rogue Wellborn, monster, prodigy,

D

That

That should hang, or drown himself, no man of worship,
Much less your nephew.

Over. Well, Sirrah, we shall reckon
For this hereafter.

Mar. I'll not lose my jeer,
Tho' I be beaten dead for it.

Well. Let my Silence plead
In my excuse, my Lord, till better leisure
Offer itself to hear a full relation
Of my poor fortunes.

Low. I would hear and help 'em.

Over. Your dinner waits you.

Low. Pray you lead, we follow.

Lady. Nay, you are my guest; come, dear Mr. Wellborn.

[*Exeunt. Manet Greedy.*]

Greedy. Dear Mr. Wellborn! so she said; heav'n! heav'n!
If my belly would give me leave, I could ruminate
All day on this; I have granted twenty warrants
To have him committed, from all prisons in the shire,
To Nottingham jail! and now, dear Mr. Wellborn!
And my good Nephew! ——— But I play the fool
To stand here prating, and forget my dinner.
Are they set, Marrall?

Enter Marrall.

Mar. Long since; pray you a word, Sir.

Greedy. No wording now.

Mar. In troth, I must: my master,
Knowing you are his good friend, makes bold with you.
And does intreat you, more guests being come in
Than he expected, especially his nephew,
The table being too full, you would excuse him,
And sup with him on the cold meat.

Greedy. How! no dinner
After all my care?

Mar. 'Tis but a pennance for
A meal; besides, you broke your fast.

Greedy. That was
But a bit to stay my stomach. A man in commission
Give place to a tatterdemallion!

Mar. No big words, Sir;
Should his worship hear you ———

Greedy. Lose my dumpling too?
And butter'd toasts and woodcocks?

Mar. Come, have patience,
If you will dispense a little with your worship,
And sit with the waiting-woman, you'll have dumpling,
Woodcocks, and butter'd Toasts too.

Greedy. This revives me:

I will

I will gorge there sufficiently.

Mar. This is the way, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Overreach as from Dinner.

Over. She's caught! O woman! she neglect my lord,
And all her compliments apply to Wellborn!
The garments of her widow-hood laid by,
She now appears as glorious as the spring,
Her eyes fix'd on him; in the wine she drinks,
He being her pledge, she sends him burning kisses,
And sits on thorns, till she be private with him.
She leaves my meat to feed upon his looks;
And, if in our discourse he be but nam'd,
From her a deep sigh follows. But why grieve I
At this? It makes for me, if she prove his,
All that is her's is mine, as I will work him.

Enter Marrall.

Mar. Sir, the whole board is troubled at your rising.

Over. No matter, I'll excuse it, pr'ythee, Marrall,
Watch an occasion to invite my nephew
To speak with me in private.

Mar. Who? the rogue,
The lady scorn'd to look on?

Over. You are a wag.

Enter Lady and Wellborn.

Mar. See, Sir, she comes, and cannot be without him.

Lady. With your favour, Sir, after a plenteous dinner,
I shall make bold to walk a turn or two
In your rare garden.

Over. There's an arbour too,
If your ladyship please to use it.

Lady. Come, Mr. Wellborn. [*Exit Lady and Wellborn.*

Over. Groffer and groffer! now I believe the poet
Feign'd not, but was historical, when he wrote
Pasiphae was enamour'd of a bull:
This lady's lust more monstrous. My good lord,
Excuse my manners.

Enter Lovell, Margaret, and the rest.

Lov. There needs none, Sir Giles;
I may ere long say father, when it please
My dearest mistress to give warrant to it.

Over. She shall seal to it, my lord, and make me happy.

Marg. My lady is return'd.

Enter Wellborn and Lady.

Lady. Provide my coach,
I'll instantly away: My thanks, Sir Giles,
For my entertainment.

Over. 'Tis your nobleness
To think it such.

Lady. I must do you a farther wrong,
In taking away your honourable guest.

Lov. I wait on you, madam: farewell, good Sir Gilès.

Lady. Good Mrs. Margaret: nay, come, Mr. Wellborn.
I must not leave you behind, in sooth, I must not.

Over. Rob me not, madam, of all our joys at once.
Let my nephew stay behind: he shall have my coach,
And after some small conference between us,
Soon overtake your ladyship.

Lady. Stay not long, Sir.

Lov. This parting kiss. You shall every day hear from me,
By my faithful page.

Allw. 'Tis a service I am proud of.

[*Ex. Lovell, Lady, Allworth, Margaret, Marrall.*]

Over. Daughter to your chamber. You may wonder,
nephew,

After so long an enmity between us,
I shall desire your friendship.

Well. So I do, Sir.

'Tis strange to me.

Over. But I'll make it no wonder,
And what is more, unfold my nature to you.
We worldly men, when we see friends and kinsmen
Past hope, sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand
To lift 'em up, but rather set our feet
Upon their heads, to press 'em to the bottom;
As I must yield, with you I practis'd it:
But now I see you in a way to rise,
I can and will assist you. This rich lady
(And I am glad of't) is enamoured of you;
'Tis too apparent, nephew.

Well. No such thing:

Compassion rather, Sir.

Over. Well, in a word,
Because your stay is short, I'll have you seen
No more in this base shape; nor shall she say,
She married you like a beggar, or in debt.

Well. He'll run into the noose, and save my labour. [*Aside.*]

Over. You have a trunk of rich cloaths, not far hence
In pawn; I will redeem 'em: and that no clamour
May taint your credit for your debts,
You shall have a thousand pounds to cut 'em off,
And go a freeman to the wealthy lady.

Well. This done, Sir, out of love, and no ends else—

Over. As it is, nephew.

Well.

Well. Binds me still your servant.

Over. No compliments, you are stay'd for: ere you've supp'd
You shall hear from me. My coach, knaves, for my nephew:
To-morrow I will visit you.

Well. Here's an uncle

In a man's extreame! how much they do belie you
That say you are hard-hearted!

Over. My deeds, nephew,
Shall speak my love; what men report I weigh not. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Lovell, Allworth.

Lov. 'Tis well. Give me my cloak: I now discharge you
From farther service. Mind your own affairs;
I hope they will prove successful.

Allw. What is blest
With your good wish, my lord, cannot but prosper.
Let after-times report, and to your honour,
How much I stand engag'd; for I want language
To speak my debt; yet if a tear or two
Of joy, for your much goodness, can supply
My tongues defect, I could——

Lov. Nay, do not melt:
This ceremonial of thanks to me's superfluous.

Over. [*within.*] Is my lord stirring?

Lov. 'Tis he! Oh, here's your letter! let him in.

Enter Over. Greedy, Mar.

Over. A good day to my lord.

Lov. You are an early riser,
Sir Giles.

Over. And reason, to attend your lordship.

Lov. And you too, Mr. Greedy, up so soon?

Greedy. In troth, my lord, after the sun is up
I cannot sleep; for I have a foolish stomach
That croaks for breakfast. With your lordship's favour,
I have a serious question to demand
Of my worthy friend Sir Giles.

Lov. Pray you use your pleasure.

Greedy. How far, Sir Giles, and pray you answer me
Upon your credit, hold you it to be
From your manor-house to this of my lady Allworth's?

Over. Why, some four miles.

Greedy. How! four miles! good Sir Giles.
Upon your reputation think better;
For if you do abate but one half quarter
Of five, you do yourself the greatest wrong
That can be in the world: for four miles riding
Could not have rais'd so huge an appetite

As I feel gnawing on me.

Mar. Whether you ride,
Or go a-foot, you are that way still provided,
And it please your worship.

Over. How now, firrah! prating
Before my lord? no difference? go to my nephew.
See all his debts discharg'd, and help his worship
To sit on his rich suit.

Mar. I may fit you too;
Toss'd like a dog still?

[*Exit Marrall.*]

Lov. I have writ this morning
A few lines to my mistress, your fair daughter.

Over. 'Twill fire her, for she's wholly your's already,
Sweet Mr. Allworth, take my ring; 'twill carry
To her presence, I dare warrant you; and there plead
For my good lord, if you shall find occasion.
That done, pray ride to Nottingham; get a licence,
Still by this token. I'll have it dispatch'd,
And suddenly, my lord; that I may say,
My honourable, nay, right honourable daughter.

Gr. Take my advice, young gentleman; get your breakfast.
'Tis unwholesome to ride fasting. I'll eat with you;
And eat to purpose.

Over. Some fury's in that gut:
Hungry again! Did you not devour this morning,
A shield of brawn, and a barrel of Colchester oysters!
Greedy. Why that was, Sir, only to scour my stomach,
A kind of preparative. Come, gentleman,
I will not have you feed like the hangman of Flushing,
Alone, while I am here.

Lov. Haste your return.

Allw. I will not fail, my lord.

Greedy. Nor I, to line
My christmases coffer. [*Exeunt Greedy and Allworth.*]

Over. To my wish, we're private.
I come not to make offer with my daughter
A certain portion; that were poor and trivial:
In one word I pronounce all that is mine,
In lands, or leases, ready coin, or goods,
With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall you have
One motive to induce you to believe
I live too long, since every year I'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.

Lov. You are a right kind father.

Over. You shall have reason
'To think me such. How do you like the seat?
It is well wooded, and well water'd, the acres
Fertile and rich, would it not serve for change

To entertain your friends in a summer's progress?
What thinks my noble lord?

Lov. 'Tis a wholesome air,
And well-built; and she that's mistress of it
Worthy the large revenue.

Over. She the mistress?
It may be so for a time: but let my lord
Say only, that he but like it, and would have it,
I say ere long 'tis his.

Lov. Impossible.

Over. You do conclude too fast; not knowing me,
Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone
'The lady Allworth's lands; for those once Wellborn's,
(As by her dotage on him I know they will be,)
Shall soon be mine. But point out any man's
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient
And useful for your lordship, and once more
I say aloud, they are yours.

Lov. I dare not own
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted:
My fame and credit are more dear to me,
Than so to expose 'em to be censur'd by
The public voice.

Over. You run, my lord, no hazard;
Your reputation shall stand as fair
In all good mens opinions as now:
Nor can my actions, tho' condemn'd for ill,
Cast any foul aspersions upon yours.
For tho' I do condemn report myself,
As a mere sound; I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you in all points of honour,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,
Nor your unquestioned integrity,
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot,
That may take from your innocence and candour.
All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right honourable; which my lord can make her:
And might I live to dance upon my knee,
A young lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.
As for possessions, and annual rents,
Equivalent to maintain you in the port
Your noble birth and present state require,
I do remove that burthen from your shoulders,
And take it on mine own: for tho' I ruin
The country to supply your riotous waste,
The scourge of prodigals, want shall never find you.

Lov. Are you not frightened with the imprecations

And

And curses of whole families, made wretched
By your sinister practices?

Over. Yes, as rocks are
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is mov'd,
When wolves with hunger pin'd howl at her brightness.
I am of a solid temper, and like these
Steer on a constant course: with mine own sword,
If call'd into the field, I can make that right,
Which fearful enemies murmur'd at as wrong.
Now for those other piddling complaints,
Breath'd out in bitterness; as when they call me
Extortioner, Tyrant, Cormorant, or Intruder
On my poor neighbour's right, or grand Incloser
Of what was common to my private use;
Nay, when my ears are pierc'd with widows cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my treshold,
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm
Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.

Lov. I admire
The toughness of your nature.

Over. 'Tis for you,
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble;
Nay more, if you will have my character
In little, I enjoy more true delight
In my arrival to my wealth these dark
And crooked ways, than you shall e'er take pleasure
In spending what my industry hath compass'd.
My haste commands me hence: in one word therefore,
Is it a match?

Lov. I hope, that is past doubt now.

Over. Then rest secure; not the hate of all mankind here,
Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,
Shall make me study aught but your advancement
One story higher. An earl! if gold can do it.
Dispute not my religion, nor my faith.
Though I am borne thus headlong by my will;
You may make choice of what belief you please,
To me they are equal; so, my lord, good morrow. [*Exit.*]

Lov. He's gone; I wonder how the earth can bear
Such a portent! I, that have liv'd a soldier,
And stood the enemy's violent charge undaunted,
To hear this blasphemous beast, I'm bath'd all over
In a cold sweat; yet like a mountain he,
Confirm'd in atheistical assertions,

Is no more shaken, than Olympus is
When angry Boreas loads his double head
With sudden drifts of snow.

Enter Amble, Lady, Woman.

Lady. Save you, my lord,
Disturb I not your privacy!

Lov. No, good madam;
For your own sake I am glad you came no sooner,
Since this bold, bad man, Sir Giles Overreach,
Made such a plain discovery of himself,
And read this morning such a devilish mattins,
That I should think it a sin, next to his,
But to repeat it.

Lady. I ne'er press'd, my lord,
On others privacies; yet, against my will,
Walking, for health's sake, in the gallery
Adjoining to our lodgings, I was made
(So loud and vehement he was) partaker
Of his tempting offers.

Lov. Please you to command
Your servants hence, and I shall gladly hear
Your wiser counsel.

Lady. 'Tis, my lord, a woman's,
But true, and hearty.——Wait in the next room,
But be within call: yet not so near to force me
'To whisper my intents.

Amb. We are taught better
By you, good madam.

Wom. And well know our distance.

Lady. Do so, and talk not: 'twill become your breeding.
[*Exeunt Amble and Woman.*]

Now, my good lord, if I may use my freedom,
As to an honour'd friend——

Lov. You lessen else
Your favour to me.

Lady. I dare then say thus;
As you are noble, (howe'er common men
Make fordid wealth the object and sole end
Of their industrious aims) 'twill not agree
With those of eminent blood (who are engag'd
More to prefer their honours, than to encrease
The 'state left to 'em by their ancestors)
To study large additions to their fortunes,
And quite neglect their births; though I must grant
Riches well got to be a useful servant,
But a bad matter.

Lov. Madam, 'tis confessed;

But

But what infer you from it?

Lady. This, my lord;

That as all wrongs, though thrust into one scale,
Slide of themselves off, when right fills the other,
And cannot 'bide the trial: so all wealth
(I mean ill-acquir'd) cemented to honour
By virtuous ways atchiev'd, and bravely purchas'd,
Is but as rubbish pour'd into a river,
(Howe'er intended to make good the bank)
Rend'ring the water that was pure before,
Polluted and unwholesome. I allow
The heir of Sir Giles Overreach, Margaret,
A maid well qualified, and the richest match
Our north part can boast of; yet she cannot
With all that she brings with her fill their mouths,
That never will forget who was her father;
Or that my husband Allworth's lands, and Wellborn's
(How wrung from both needs now no repetition)
Were real motives, that more work'd your lordship
To join your families, than her form and virtues.
You may conceive the rest.

Lov. I do sweet madam;

And long since have consider'd it. I know,
The sum of all that makes a just man happy,
Consists in the well chusing of his wife:
And there, well to discharge it, does require
Equality of years, of birth or fortune;
For beauty being poor, and not cried up
By birth or wealth, can truly mix with neither.
And wealth, where there's such difference in years,
And fair descent, must make the yoke uneasy:
But I come nearer.

Lady. Pray you do, my lord.

Lov. Were Overreach's 'states thrice centupl'd; his daughter
Millions of degrees much fairer than she is,
(Howe'er I might urge precedents to excuse me)
I would not so adulterate my blood
By marrying Margaret; and so leave my issue
Made up of several pieces, one part scarlet,
And the other London-blue. In my own tomb
I will enter my name first.

Lady. I am glad to hear this.

Why then, my lord, pretend your marriage to her?
Disimulation but ties false knots
On that straight line, by which you hitherto
Have measur'd all your actions?

Lov. I make answer,

And

[*Aside.*

And aptly, with a question. Wherefore have you,
That since your husband's death, have liv'd a strict
And chaste nun's life, on the sudden give yourself
To visits and entertainments? Think ye, madam,
'Tis not grown public conference? or the favours
Which you too prodigally have thrown on Wellborn,
Being too reserv'd before, incur not censure?

Lady. I am innocent here, and on my life I swear
My ends are good.

Lov. On my soul so are mine
To Margaret; but leave both to the event:
And since this friendly privacy does serve
But as an offer'd means unto ourselves
To search each other farther; you have shown
Your care of me, I my respect to you.
Deny me not, but still in chaste words, madam,
An afternoon's discourse.

Lady. So I shall hear you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Tapwell, Froth.

Tap. Undone, undone! this was your counsel, Froth.

Froth. Mine; I defy thee: did not master Marrall
(He has marr'd all I am sure) strictly command us
(On pain of Sir Giles Overreach's displeasure)
To turn the gentleman out of doors?

Tap. 'Tis true;
But now he's his uncle's darling, and has got
Master Justice Greedy (since he fill'd his belly)
At his commandment to do any thing;
Woe, woe to us.

Froth. He may prove merciful.

Tap. Troth we do not deserve it at his hands:
Tho' he knew all the passages of our house,
At the receiving of stol'n goods, and bawdry;
When he was rogue Wellborn, no man would believe him.
And then his information could not hurt us:
But now he is right worshipful again,
Who dares but doubt his testimony? Methinks
I see thee, Froth, already in a cart
For a close bawd; thine eyes e'en pelted out
With dirt and rotten eggs; and my hand hissing
(If I 'scape the halter) with the letter R
Printed upon it.

Froth. Would that were the worst!
That were but nine day's wonder; as for credit
We have none to lose; but we shall lose the money

He

He owes us, and his custom; there's the hell on't.

Tap. He has summon'd all his creditors by the drum,
And they swarm about him like so many soldiers
On the pay-day; and has such a new way
To pay his old debts, as, 'tis very likely,
He shall be chronicled for it.

Froth. He deserves it
More than ten pageants. But are you sure his worship
Comes this way to my lady's? [*A cry within, brave Mr. Wellb.*]

Tap. Yes, I hear him.

Froth. Be ready with your petition, and present it
To his good grace.

*Enter Wellborn in a rich habit, Greedy, Order, Furnace, and
three Creditors; Tapwell kneeling, delivers his bill of debt.*

Wellb. How's this! petition'd too?
But note what miracles, the payment of
A little trash, and a rich suit of clothes,
Can work upon these rascals. I shall be,
I think, prince Wellborn.

Mar. When your worship's married
You may be——— I know what I hope to see you.

Wellb. Then look thou for advancement.

Mar. To be known
Your worship's bailiff is the mark I shoot at.

Wellb. And thou shalt hit it.
Mar. Pray you, Sir, dispatch
These needy followers, and for my admittance,
[*This interim, Tapwell and Froth flattering and
bribing Justice Greedy.*]

(Provided you'll defend me from Sir Giles,
Whose service I am weary of) I'll say something
You shall give thanks for.

Wellb. Fear not Sir Giles.

Greedy. Who? Tapwell? I remember thy wife brought me
Last new year's tide, a couple of fat turkies.

Tap. And shall do every Chrirtmas, let your worship
But stand my friend now.

Greedy. How! with Mr. Wellborn?
I can do any thing with him, on such terms,—
See you this honest couple? they are good souls
As ever drew out fossset, have they not
A pair of honest faces?

Wellb. I o'erheard you.
And the bribe he promis'd; you are cofen'd in 'em;
For of all the scum that grew rich by my riots,
This for a most unthankful knave, and this
For a base bawd and whore, have worst deserv'd:

And

And therefore speak not for them. By your place
You are rather to do me justice, lend me your ear,
Forget his turkies, and call in his licence,
And at the next fair I'll give you a yoke of oxen
Worth all his poultry.

Greedy. I am chang'd on the sudden
In my opinion——Come near, nearer rascal.
And now I view him better, did you e'er see
One look so like an arch-knave? his very countenance,
Should an understanding Judge but look upon him,
Would hang him, tho' he were innocent.

Tap. and *Froth.* Worshipful Sir.

Greedy. No; though the great Turk came instead of turkies,
To beg my favour, I am inexorable;
Thou hast an ill-name; besides thy musty ale,
That hath destroy'd many of the king's liege people,
Thou never had'st in thy house to stay mens stomachs
A piece of Suffolk cheese, or gammon of bacon,
Or any esculent, as the learned call it,
For their emolument; but sheer drink only.
For which gross fault, I here do damn thy licence,
Forbidding thee ever to tap or draw;
For instantly, I will in mine own person
Command the constable to pull down thy sign;
And do it before I eat.

Froth. No mercy.

Greedy. Vanish.

If I shew any, may my promis'd oxen gore me.

Tap. Unthankful knaves are ever so rewarded.

[*Exeunt Greedy, Tapwell, Froth.*]

Wellb. Speak; what are you?

1 *Creditor.* A decay'd vintner, Sir,
That might have thriv'd, but that your worship broke me
With trusting you with muscadine and eggs,
And five pound suppers, with your after drinkings,
When you lodg'd upon the Bankside.

Wellb. I remember.

1 *Cred.* I have not been hasty, nor e'er laid to arrest you;
And therefore, Sir——

Wellb. Thou art an honest fellow:
I'll set thee up again; see his bill paid.
What are you?

2 *Cred.* A taylor once, but now mere botcher.
I gave you credit for a suit of clothes,
Which was all my stock, but you failing in payment,
I was remov'd from the shop-board, and confin'd
Under a stall.

Wellb. See him paid ; and botch no more.

2 Cred. I ask no interest, Sir.

Wellb. Such taylors need not :

If their bills are paid in one and twenty years,
They are seldom losers—O, I know thy face,
Thou wert my surgeon: you must tell no tales.
Those days are gone. I will pay you in private.

Order. A royal Gentleman !

Furn. Royal as an Emperor !

He'll prove a brave master: my good lady knew
To chuse a man.

Wellb. See all men else discharg'd ;
And since old debts are clear'd by a new way,
A little bounty will not misbecome me ;
There is something, honest cook, for thy good breakfasts.
And this for your respect ; take't 'tis good gold,
And I am able to spare it.

Order. You are too munificent.

Furn. He was ever so.

Wellb. Pray, you on before.

3 Cred. Heaven blefs you.

Mar. At four o'clock the rest know where to meet me.

[*Exeunt Order, Furnace, Creditors.*]

Wellb. Now, Mr. Marrall, what's the mighty secret
You promis'd to impart ?

Mar. Sir, time nor place
Allow me to relate each circumstance ;
'This only in a word: I know Sir Giles
Will come upon you for security
For his thousand pounds; which you must not consent to.
As he grows in heat (as I am sure he will)
Be you but rough, and say he's in your debt
Ten times the sum, upon sale of your land :
I had a hand in't (I speak it to my shame)
When you were defeated of it.

Wellb. That's forgiven.

Mar. I shall deserve then ;—urge him to produce
The deed in which you pass'd it over to him,
Which I know he'll have about him to deliver
To the lord Lovell, with many other writings,
And present monies. I'll instruct you farther,
As I wait on your worship; if I play not my part
To your full content, and your uncle's much vexation,
Hang up Jack Marrall.

Wellb. I rely upon thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Allworth, Margaret.

Allw. Whether to yield the first praise to my lord's
Unequal'd

Unequal'd temperance, or your constant sweetness,
That I yet live, (my weak hands fasten'd on
Hope's anchor, spite of all storms of despair)
I yet rest doubtful.

Marg. Give it to lord Lovell ;
For what in him was bounty, in me's duty.
I make but payment of a debt, to which
My vows, in that high office register'd,
Are faithful witnesses.

Allw. 'Tis true, my dearest ;
Yet when I call to mind, how many fair ones
Make wilful shipwreck of their faiths and oaths
To God and man, to fill the arms of greatness ;
And you, rise up no less than a glorious star,
To the amazement of the world, thus hold out
Against the stern authority of a father,
And spurn at honour, when it comes to court you ;
I am so tender of your good, that faintly,
With your wrong, I can wish myself that right
You are pleas'd to do me.

Marg. Yet, and ever,
To me what's title, when content is wanting ?
Or wealth, rak'd up together with much care,
And to be kept with more ; when the heart pines
In being dispossest of what it longs for
Beyond the Indian mines ; or the smooth brow
Of a pleas'd fire, that slaves me to his will ?
And so his ravenous humour may be feasted
By my obedience, and he see me great,
Leaves to my soul nor faculties nor power
To make her own election.

Allw. But the dangers
That follow the repulse.

Marg. To me they are nothing :
Let Allworth love, I cannot be unhappy.
Suppose the worst, that in his rage he kill me ;
A tear or two by you dropt on my hearse,
In sorrow for my fate, will call back life
So far as but to say, that I die yours.
I then shall rest in peace. Or should he prove
So cruel, as one death would not suffice
His thirst of vengeance ; but with ling'ring torments
In mind and body, I must waste to air
In poverty join'd with banishment: so you share
In my afflictions, which I dare not wish you,
So high I prize you, I could undergo 'em
With such patience as should look down

With scorn on his worst malice.

Allw. Heaven avert

Such trials of your true affection to me.

Nor will it unto you, that are all mercy,

Shew so much rigour. But since we must run

Such desperate hazards, let us do our best

To steer between 'em.

Marg. Your lord's ours, and sure ;

And tho' but a young actor, second me,

In doing to the life what he has plotted.

Enter Over.

The end may yet prove happy ; now, Mr. Allworth.

Allw. To your letter, and put on a seeming anger.

Marg. I'll pay my lord all debts due to his title,

And when with terms, not taking from his honour,

He does solicit me, I shall gladly hear him :

But in this peremptory, nay, commanding way,

T'appoint a meeting, and without my knowledge ;

A priest to tie the knot, can ne'er be undone

Till death unlose it, is a confidence

In his lordship that will deceive him,

Allw. I hope better,

Good lady.

Marg. Hope, Sir, what you please : for me

I must take a safe and secure course ; I have

A father, and without his full consent,

Tho' all lords of the land kneel'd for my favour,

I can grant nothing.

Over. I like this obedience.

But whatsoever my lord writes, must, and shall be

Accepted and embrac'd. Sweet Mr. Allworth,

You shew yourself a true and faithful servant,

To your good lord, he has a jewel of you,

How ! frowning, Meg ! are these looks to receive

A messenger from my lord ? what's this ? give me it.

Marg. A piece of arrogant paper, like th' inscriptions.

[Overreach reads the letter.]

Fair mistress, from your servant learn all joys

That we can hope for, if deferr'd, prove toys ;

Therefore this instant, and in private meet

A husband, that will gladly at your feet

Lay down his honours, tendring them to you

With all content, the church being paid her due.

Over. Is this the arrogant piece of paper ? fool !

Will you still be one ? In the name of madness, what

Could his good honour write more to content you ?

Is there aught else to be with'd after these two

That

That are already offer'd? Marriage first,
And lawful pleasure after: What would you more?

Marg. Why, Sir, I would be marry'd like your daughter,
Not hurry'd away i'th' night I know not whither,
Without all ceremony: no friends invited
To honour the solemnity.

Allw. An't please your honour,
(For so before to-morrow I must stile you)
My lord desires this privacy in respect
His honourable kinsmen are far off,
And his desires to have it done, brook not
So long delay as to expect their coming?
And yet he stands resolv'd, with all due pomp,
As running at the ring, plays, masques, and tilting,
To have his marriage at court celebrated
When he has brought your honour up to London.

Over. He tells you true; 'tis the fashion, on my knowledge:
Yet the good lord, to please your peevishness,
Must put it off, forsooth! and lose a night,
In which perhaps he might get two boys on thee.
Tempt me not farther; if you do, this goad
Shall prick you to him.

Marg. I could be contented,
Were you but by to do a father's part,
And give me in the church.

Over. So my lord have you,
What do I care who gives you: since my lord
Does purpose to be private, I'll not cross him.
I know not, Mr. Allworth, how my lord
May be provided; and therefore there's a purse
Of gold: 'twill serve this night's expence; to-morrow
I'll furnish him with any sums. In the mean time
Use my ring to my chaplain; he is benefic'd
At my manor of Gotam, and call'd parson Well-do:
'Tis no matter for a licence, I'll bear him out in't.

Marg. With your favour, Sir, what warrant is your ring?
He may suppose I got that twenty ways
Without your knowledge, and then to be refus'd,
Were such a stain on me—if you please, Sir,
Your presence would do better.

Over. Still perverse?
I say again, I will not cross my lord,
Yet I'll prevent you too.—Paper and ink there.

Allw. I can furnish you.

Over. I thank you, I can write then. [*Writes on his book.*]

Allw. You may, if you please, put out the name of my lord,
In respect he comes disguis'd, and only write,

Marry her to this gentleman.

Over. Well advis'd.

[*Margaret kneels.*

'Tis done: away—my blessing, girl, thou hast it.

Nay, no reply—begone, good Mr. Allworth;

This shall be the best night's work you ever made.

Allw. I hope so, Sir.

[*Exeunt Allworth and Marg.*

Over. Farewell. Now all's cock-sure,
Methinks I hear already knights and ladies
Say, Sir Giles Overreach, how is it with
Your honourable daughter? has her honour
Slept well to-night? or, will her honour please
To accept this monkey, dog, or paroquet?
(This is state in ladies;) or my eldest son
To be her page, and wait upon her trencher?—
My ends, my ends are compass'd!—then for Wellborn
And the lands; were he once married to the widow—
I have him here—I can scarce contain myself,
I am so full of joy; nay, joy all over!

[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Lovell, Lady, Amble.

Lady. By this you know how strong the motives were
That did, my lord, induce me to dispense
A little with my gravity, to advance
(In personating some few favours to him)
The plots and projects of the down-trod Wellborn.
Nor shall I e'er repent (altho' I suffer
In some few men's opinions for't) the action.
For he that ventur'd all for my dear husband,
Might justly claim an obligation from me,
To pay him such a courtesy: which had I
Coily, or over-curiously deny'd,
It might have argu'd me of little love
To the deceas'd.

Lov. What you intended, madam,
For the poor gentleman, hath found good success;
For, as I understand, his debts are paid,
And he once more furnish'd for fair employment:
But all the arts that I have us'd to raise
The fortunes of your joy and mine, young Allworth,
Stand yet in supposition, tho' I hope, well.
For the young lovers are in wit more pregnant,
Than their years can promise; and for their desires,
On my knowledge, they equal.

Lady. Tho, my wishes
Are with yours, my lord, yet give me leave to fear
The building, tho' well grounded. To deceive
Sir Giles (that's both a lion and a fox

In

In his proceedings) were a work beyond
The strongest undertakers; not the trial
Of two weak innocents.

Lov. Despair not, madam:

Hard things are compass'd oft by easy means;
And judgment, being a gift deriv'd from heaven,
'Tho' sometimes lodg'd i'th' hearts of worldly men
(That ne'er consider from whom they receive it)
Forsakes such as abuse the giver of it,
Which is the reason, that the politic
And cunning statesman, that believes he fathoms
The counsels of all kingdoms on the earth,
Is by simplicity oft over-reach'd.

Lady. May he be so; yet in his name to express it
Is a good omen.

Lov. May it to myself
Prove so, good lady, in my suit to you:
What think you of the motion?

Lady. Troth, my lord,
My own unworthiness may answer for me;
For had you, when that I was in my prime,
My virgin-flower uncropp'd, presented me
With this great favour, looking on my lowness
Not in a glass of self-love, but of turtle,
I could not but have thought it as a blessing
Far, far beyond my merit.

Lov. You are too modest,
And undervalue that which is above
My title, or whatever I call mine.
I grant, were I a Spaniard, to marry
A widow might disparage me; but being
A true-born Englishman, I cannot find
How it can taint my honour: nay, what's more,
That which you think a blemish, is to me
The fairest lustre. You already, madam,
Have given sure proofs how dearly you can cherish
A husband that deserves you: which confirms me,
That if I am not wanting in my care
To do you service, you'll be still the same
That you were to your Allworth. In a word,
Our years, our states, our births are not unequal;
You being descended nobly and ally'd so.
If then you may be won to make me happy,
But join your lips to mine, and that shall be
A solemn contract.

Lady. I were blind to my own good,
Should I refuse it; yet, my lord, receive me

As such a one, the study of whose whole life
Shall know no other object but to please you.

Lov. If I return not, with all tendernefs,
Equal respect to you, may I die wretched.

Lady. There needs no protestation, my lord,
To her that cannot doubt—You are welcome, Sir.
Now you look like yourself.

Enter Wellborn.

Wellb. And will continue
Such in my free acknowledgment, that I am
Your creature, madam, and will never hold
My life mine own, when you please to command it.

Lov. It is a thankfulness that well becomes you;
You could not make choice of a better shape
To dress your mind in.

Lady. For me, I am happy,
That my endeavours prosper'd. Saw you of late
Sir Giles, your uncle?

Wellb. I heard of him, madam,
By his minister, Marrall: he's grown into strange passions
About his daughter. This last night he look'd for
Your lordship at his house; but missing you,
And she not yet appearing, his wife-head
Is much perplex'd and troubled.

Lov. It may be,
Sweet-heart, my project took.

*Enter Overreach with distracted looks, driving in Marrall
before him.*

Lady. I strongly hope.

Over. Ha! find her booby; thou huge lump of nothing,
I'll bore thine eyes out else.

Wellb. May it please your lordship,
For some ends of mine own, but to withdraw
A little out of sight, tho' not of hearing,
You may perhaps have sport.

Lov. You shall direct me.

[Steps aside.]

Over. I shall fol fa you, rogue!

Mar. Sir, for what cause
Do you use me thus?

Over. Cause, slave! why, I am angry,
And thou a subject only fit for beating;
And so to cool my choler. Look to the writing;
Let but the seal be broke upon the box,
That has slept in my cabinet these three years,
I'll wrack thy soul for't.

Mar. I may yet cry 'quittance;
Tho' now I suffer, and dare not resist.

*[Aside.
Over.]*

Over. Lady, by your leave, did you see my daughter, lady ?
And the lord her husband ? Are they in your house ?
If they are, discover that I may bid 'em joy ;
And as an entrance to her place of honour,
See your ladyship on her left hand, and make cour'ties,
When the nods on you ; which you must receive
As a special favour.

Lady. When I know, Sir Giles,
Her state requires such ceremony, I shall pay it ;
But in the mean time, as I am myself,
I give you to understand, I neither know,
Nor care where her honour is.

Over. When you once see her
Supported, and led by the lord her husband,
You'll be taught better——Nephew.

Wellb. Sir.

Over. No more !

Wellb. 'Tis all I owe you.

Over. Have your redeem'd rags
Made you thus insolent ?

Wellb. Insolent to you ?

[*In scorn.*]

Why, what are you, Sir, unless in your years,
At the best, more than myself ?

Over. His fortune swells him :
'Tis rank, he's married.

Lady. This is excellent !

Over. Sir, in calm language, (tho' I seldom use it)
I am familiar with the cause that makes you
Bear up thus bravely ; there's a certain buz
Of a stol'n marriage : Do you hear ? of a stol'n marriage :
In which 'tis said there's somebody hath been cozen'd.
I name no parties.

Wellb. Well, Sir, and what follows ?

Over. Marry this, since you are peremptory, remember,
Upon mere hope of your great match, I lent you
A thousand pounds : put me in good security,
And suddenly, by mortgage or by statute,
Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you
Dragg'd in your lavender robes, to the goal ; you know me,
And therefore do not trifle.

Wellb. Can you be
So cruel to your nephew, now he's in
The way to rise ? Was this the courtesy
You did me in pure love, and no ends else ?

Over. End me no ends ; engage the whole estate,
And force your spouse to sign it ; you shall have
Three or four thousand more to roar, and swagger,
And revel in bawdy taverns.

Wellb. And beg after :

Mean

Mean you not so?

Over. My thoughts are mine, and free.
Shall I have security?

Wellb. No, indeed, you shall not:
Nor bond, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgment;
Your great looks fright not me.

Over. But my deeds shall.
Out brav'd! [*They both draw, the servants enter.*]

Lady. Help, murder! murder!

Wellb. Let him come on,
With all his wrongs and injuries about him,
Arm'd with his cut-throat practices to guard him;
The right that I bring with me, will defend me,
And punish his extortion.

Over. That I had thee
But single in the field!

Lady. You may, but make not
My house your quarrelling scene.

Over. Wer't in a church,
By heaven and hell, I'll do't.

Mar. Now put him to
The shewing of the deed.

Wellb. This rage is vain, Sir;
For fighting fear not, you shall have your hands full
Upon the least incitement; and whereas
You charge me with a debt of a thousand pounds;
If there be law, (howe'er you have no conscience)
Either restore my land, or I'll recover
A debt, that's truly due to me from you,
In value ten times more than what you challenge.

Over. I in thy debt! oh impudence! did I not purchase
The land left by thy father? that rich land,
That had continued in Wellborn's name
Twenty descents; which, like a riotous fool,
Thou didst make sale of? Is not here enclos'd
The deed that does confirm it mine?

Mar. Now, now.

Wellb. I do acknowledge none; I ne'er pass'd o'er
Any such land; I grant, for a year, or two,
You had it in trust; which if you do discharge,
Surrendering the possession, you shall ease
Yourself, and me, of chargeable suits in law;
Which, if you prove not honest, (as I doubt it)
Must of necessity follow.

Lady. In my judgment
He does advise you well.

Over. Good, good! conspire
With your new husband, lady; second him
In his dishonest practices; but when

This

This manor is extended to my use,
You'll speak in an humbler key, and sue for favour.

Lady. Never: do not hope it.

Wellb. Let despair first seize me.

Over. Yet to shut up thy mouth, and make thee give
Thyself the lye, the loud lye: I draw out
The precious evidence; if thou canst forswear
Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of [*Opens the box.*
Thy ears to the pillory; see, here's that will make
My interest clear——Hah!

Lady. A fair skin of parchment!

Wellb. Indented, I confess, and labels too;
But neither wax, nor words. How! thunder-struck?
Not a syllable to insult with? my wise uncle.
Is this your precious evidence? is this that makes
Your interest clear?

Over. I am o'erwhelm'd with wonder!
What prodigy is this? what subtle devil
Hath raz'd out the inscription? the wax
Turn'd into dust, the rest of my deeds whole,
As when they were deliver'd; and this only
Made nothing! do you deal with witches, rascal?
There is a statute for you, which will bring
Your neck in a hempen circle; yes, there is.
And now 'tis better thought; for, cheater, know
This juggling shall not save you.

Wellb. To save thee

Would beggar the stock of mercy.

Over. Marrall.

Mar. Sir.

Over. Tho' the witnesses are dead, [*Flattering him.*
Your testimony

Help with an oath or two; and for thy master,
Thy liberal master, my good honest servant,
I know, you will swear any thing to dash
This cunning flight: besides, I know thou art
A publick notary, and such stand in law
For a dozen witnesses; the deed being drawn too
By thee, my careful Marrall, and deliver'd
When thou wer't present, will make good my title;
Wilt thou not swear this?

Mar. I! no! I assure you.

I have a conscience, not fear'd up like yours,
I know no deeds.

Over. Wilt thou betray me?

Mar. Keep him

From using of his hands, I'll use my tongue
To his no little torment.

Over.

Over. Mine own varlet

Rebel against me?

Mar. Yes, and uncase you too.

The idiot; the patch; the slave; the booby;

The property fit only to be beaten

For your morning exercise; your football, or

Th' unprofitable lump of flesh; your drudge

Can now anatomize you, and lay open

All your black plots, and level with the earth

Your hill of pride; and with these gabions guarded,

Unload my great artillery, and shake,

Nay pulverize the wall you think defend you.

Lady. How he foams at the mouth with rage!

Wellb. To him again.

Over. Oh that I had thee in my gripe, I would tear thee
Joint after joint!

Mar. I know you are a tearer,

But I'll have first your fangs par'd off; and then

Come nearer to you; when I have discover'd,

And made it good before the judge, what ways

And devilish practices you us'd to cozen

With an army of whose families, who yet live,

And, but enrol'd for foldiers, were able

To take in Dunkirk.

Wellb. All will come out.

Lady. The better.

Over. But that I will live, rogue, to torture thee,
And make thee wish, and kneel in vain to die;
These swords that keep thee from me, should fix here,
Although they made my body but one wound,
But I would reach thee.

Lov. Heaven's hand is in this,
One ban dog worry the other.

[*Aside.*

Over. I play the fool,
And make my anger but ridiculous.
There will be a time, and place, there will be, cowards,
When you shall feel what I dare do.

Wellb. I think so:
You dare do any ill, yet want true valour
To be honest and repent.

Over. They are words I know not,
Nor e'er will learn. Patience, the beggar's virtue,

Enter Greedy and parson Well-do.

Shall find no harbour here—After these storms
At length a calm appears. Welcome, most welcome:
There's comfort in thy looks; Is the deed done?
Is my daughter married? say but so, my chaplain,
And I am tame.

Well-do.

Well-do. Married? yes, I assure you.

Over. Then vanish all sad thoughts; there's more gold for thee.
My doubts and fears are in the titles drown'd
Of my right honourable, right honourable daughter.

Greedy. Here will be feasting at least for a month!
I am provided; empty guts croak no more!
You shall be stuff'd like bag-pipes, not with wind,
But bearing dishes.

Over. Instantly be here? [*whispering to Well-do.*
To my wish, to my wish. Now you that plot against me,
And hop'd to trip my heels up; that contemn'd me? [*Loud music.*
Think on't, and tremble. They come. I hear the music.
A lane there for my lord.

Wellb. This sudden heat
May yet be cool'd, Sir.

Over. Make way there for my lord.

Enter Allworth and Margaret.

Marg. Sir, first your pardon, then your blessing with
Your full allowance of the choice I have made.
As ever you could make use of your reason, [*kneeling.*
Grow not in passion; since you may as well
Call back the day that's past, as untie the knot
Which is too strongly fasten'd. Not to dwell
Too long on words, this is my husband.

Over. How!

Allw. So I assure you; all the rites of marriage
With every circumstance are past. Alas! Sir,
Altho' I am no lord, but a lord's page,
Your daughter and my lov'd wife mourns not for it.
And for right honourable son-in-law, you may say
Your dutiful daughter.

Over. Devil! are they married?

Well-do. Do a father's part, and say, heav'n give 'em joy.

Over. Confusion and ruin! speak, and speak quickly,
Or thou art dead.

Well-do. They are married.

Over. Thou had'st better
Have made a contract with the king of fiends
Than these—My brain turns!

Well-do. Why this rage to me?
Is not this your letter, Sir? and these the words?
Marry her to this gentleman.

Over. It cannot:
Nor will I ever believe it: 'sdeath I will not.
That I, that in all passages I touch'd
At worldly profit, have not left a print
Where I have trod for the most curious search
To trace my footsteps, should be gull'd by children!

Baff'd and fool'd, and all my hopes and labours
Defeated, and made void.

Wellb. As it appears
You are so, my grave uncle.

Over. Village nurses
Revenge their wrongs with curses; I'll not waste
A syllable, but thus I take the life
Which wretched I gave to thee. [*Offers to kill Margaret.*]

Low. Hold, for your own sake!
Though charity to your daughter hath quite left you,
Will you do an act, though in your hopes lost here,
Can leave no hope for peace, or rest hereafter:
Consider; at the best you're but a man,
And cannot so create your aims, but that
They may be cross'd.

Over. Lord! thus I spit at you,
And at thy counsel; and again desire thee,
As thou art a soldier, if thy valour
Dares shew itself, where multitude and example
Lead not the way, let's quit the house, and change
Six words in private.

Low. I am ready.

Lady. Stay, Sir.

Contest with one distracted?

Wellb. You'll grow like him,
Should you answer his vain challenge.

Over. Are you pale?
Borrow his help, though Hercules call it odds,
I'll stand against both, as I'm hem'd in thus,
Since, like the Libyan lion in the toil,
My fury cannot reach the coward hunters,
And only spends itself, I'll quit the place;
Alone I can do nothing: but I have servants
And friends to second me: and if I make not
This house a heap of ashes (by my wrongs,
What I have spoke I will make good) or leave
One throat uncut, if it be possible,

Hell add my afflictions!

[*Exit Overreach.*]

Mar. Is't not brave sport?

Gr. Brave sport? I am sure it has ta'en away my stomach;
I do not like the sauce.

Allw. Nay, weep not, dearest, [*To Marg.*]
Though it express your pity; what's decreed
Above, we cannot alter.

Lady. His threats move me
No scruple madam.

Mar. Was it not a rare trick,
(And it please your worship) to make the deed nothing?
I can do twenty neater, if you please, To

To purchase and grow rich; for I will be
Such a solicitor, and steward for you,
As never worshipful had.

Wellb. I do believe thee.
But first discover the quaint means you us'd
To raze out the conveyance.

Mar. They are mysteries
Not to be spoke in public; certain minerals
Incorporated in the ink and wax.
Besides, he gave me nothing, but still fed me
With hopes and blows; and that was the inducement
To this conundrum. If it please your worship
To call to memory, this mad beast once caus'd me
To urge you, or to drown, or hang yourself;
I'll do the like to him, if you command me.

Wellb. You are a rascal; he that dares be false
To a master, tho' unjust, will ne'er be true
To any other: look not for reward,
Or favour from me: I will shun thy sight,
As I would do a basilick's. Thank my pity,
If thou keep thy ears; howe'er I will take order
Your practice shall be silenc'd.

Greedy. I'll commit him,
If you'll have me, Sir.

Wellb. That were to little purpose;
His conscience be his prison; not a word,
But instantly be gone.

Order. Take this kick with you.

Amb. And this.

Furn. If that I had my cleaver here,
I would divide your knave's head.

Mar. This is the haven
False servants still arrive at.

[Exit Mar.]

Enter Overreach.

Lady. Come again!

Lov. Fear not, I am your guard.

Wellb. His looks are ghastly.

Well-do. Some little time I have spent, under your favours,
In physical studies, and, if my judgment err not,
He's mad beyond recovery: but observe him,
And look to yourselves.

Over. Why is not the whole world
Included in myself? to what use then
Are friends and servants? say there were a squadron
Of pikes, lin'd through with shot, when I am mounted
Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge 'em?
No: I'll through the battalia, and that routed,

[flourishing his sword unsheathed:]

I'll fall to execution.—Ha! I am feeble:

Some

Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
 And takes away the use of't; and my sword
 Glew'd to my scabbard with wrong'd orphans tears
 Will not be drawn. Ha! what are these? sure hangmen,
 That come to bind my hands, and then to drag me
 Before the judgment-seat. Now they are new shapes,
 And do appear like furies, with steel whips
 To scourge my ulcerous soul: shall I then fall
 Ingloriously, and yield: no; spite of fate
 I will be forc'd to hell like to myself;
 Though you were legions of accursed spirits,
 Thus would I fly among you.—

Wellb. There's no help;
 Disarm him first, then bind him.

Greedy. Take a mittimus,
 And carry him to Bedlam.

Lov. How he foams! *Wellb.* And bites the earth.

Well-do. Carry him to some dark room,
 There try what art can do for his recovery.

Marg. O my dear father! [*They force Overreach off.*]

Albw. You must be patient, mistress.

Lov. Here is a precedent to teach wicked men,
 That when they leave religion, and turn atheists,
 Their own abilities leave them. Pray you take comfort,
 I will endeavour you shall be his guardians
 In his distraction: and for your land, Mr. Wellborn,
 Be it good, or ill in law, I'll be an umpire
 Between you, and this, th' undoubted heir
 Of Sir Giles Overreach: for me, here's the anchor
 That I must fix on.

Albw. What you shall determine
 My lord, I will allow of:

Wellb. 'Tis the language
 That I speak too; but there is something else
 Beside the possession of my land,
 And payment of my debts, that I must practise.
 I had a reputation, but 'twas lost
 In my loose course; and till I redeem it
 Some noble way, I am but half made up.
 It is a time of action: if your lordship
 Will please to confer a company upon me
 In your command, I doubt not in my service
 To my king and country, but I shall do something
 That may make me right again.

Lov. Your suit is granted.
 And you lov'd for the nation.

Wellb. Nothing wants then
 But your allowance.

[*To the pit.*]



